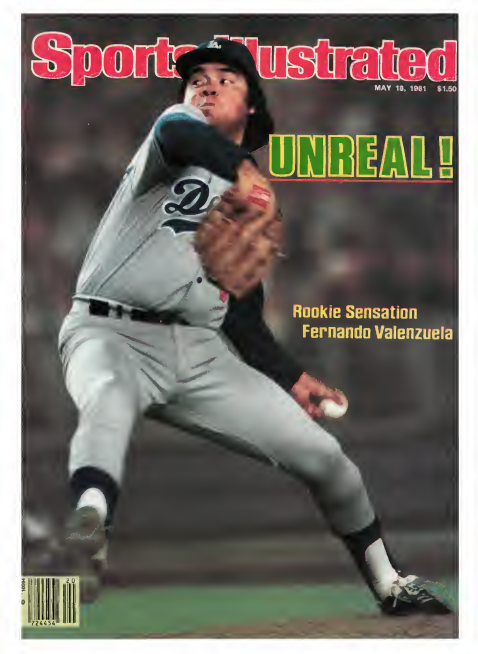


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D Defoggers, side and rear windows

E Economy 43 EST HWY [28] EPA EST MPG City and Hwy 42 EST HWY

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G GM's Computer Command Control

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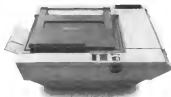
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WRITER PAPANEK: HE'S BEEN DOWN AT TIMES, BUT HE BOUNCES BACK

With the conclusion of this year's NBA playoffs, staff writer John Papanek (whose coverage of the Celtics-Rockets championship series begins on page 26), will be leaving the pro basketball beat after seven years. Among Papanek's most treasured memories of those years are Julius Erving almost single-handedly winning the last ABA title for the New York Nets, in 1976, and Bill Walton leading Portland to the NBA championship the following season. Among Papanek's many fine stories, those we most treasure, are his profiles of Elvin Hayes, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Walton and Dr. J. "It was a tough decision," Papanek admits, to say goodbye to all that. On the other hand, he just might change his recent run of luck.

From January to March, an eye condition called keratoconus left Papanek unable to read, watch television or even take a reasonably comfortable stroll. "I might have walked under a bus," he says. In March he was fitted with a special set of contact lenses and was back in action, "filled with renewed anticipation, relish and excitement." But then?

With his pick of the four mini-series, Papanek chose to cover Chicago-New York, and his story on the Bulls' sweep was killed at the last minute when the Lakers were upset by Houston. The following week, after Boston crushed Chicago in four, he wrote an enthusiastic piece on the Celtics. It, too, was superseded when heavily favored Phoenix went down 3-1 to Kansas City. Injury was, in this case, to follow in-

sult. On his way to LaGuardia Airport last month, Papanek was in a taxicab accident. He spent the next week and a half suffering from a stiff neck and a persistent headache, recovering only to eat a bad clam and to suffer for two more days. Feeling better by game time, he was ready for a classic Sixier-Celtic war. "But before I knew it," he says, "Philly was up 3-1 and all my Boston stuff was useless." His story (which did run) predicted doom for the Celtics—and Boston won Games 5, 6 and 7.

Last week, once again on his way to LaGuardia, Papanek was delayed by a jackknifed semi-trailer truck and a second taxi accident, a collision with a school bus. "So far for the series," he said upon arriving at Boston Garden minutes before tip-off, "my box score reads two dead stories, two cab cracks-ups and one bad clam."

Little did he realize what was waiting for him at the hotel—no room.

But there were compensations. After the 76ers lost to Boston, several reporters, including Papanek, faced a despondent Erving at the Garden. After a minute of silence, Erving turned to Papanek and said, "Thanks, John, for the nice story you wrote about me. I'll always remember this season for that."

From all the basketball years, Papanek says, he will remember that moment above all others.

Philip D. Howard



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

WHAT A LOVELY SEASON 1980 WAS FOR THE NATION'S HOST OF YANKEE-HATERS

Bob Marshall is a fellow after my own heart. He and I have never met, but I've learned that we share an abiding passion: both of us despise, revile, detest, abhor, abominate and loathe the New York Yankees.

I picked up this information from a charming little paperback book Marshall has written by way of testimony to his obsession. He calls it *Diary of a Yankee-Hater* (Franklin Watts, \$7.95), and he leaves no doubt that he had a dandy time writing it. Certainly I had a dandy time reading it.

The book is a journal of the 1980 season, in which the Yankees were the American League East but were grossly brushed aside in the playoffs by Kansas City. Marshall explains the book's purpose as follows:

"Other teams may have more fanatical devotees, but no team arouses the negative passions the Yankees do. There are millions of fans who would rather have their home team beat the Yankees than anyone else in the league. And there are others who root not so much for some other team, but, simply and continually, against the Yankees. It is this combined legion of Yankee-haters that I am part of. And it is for these Yankee-haters, wherever and wherever they may be, that I set out to document the New York Yankees' 1980 season." He does so with a distinct advantage: he lives in New York.

For the true Yankee-hater, this is as close to Nirvana as one can hope to get. Think of the possibilities in 81 home games a season, more than 100 on the tube, nightly reports on at least 10 TV news shows, breathless blow-by-blow stories about Yankee games and feuds in three daily newspapers. The Yankee-hater in the Big Apple can easily turn a minor quirk into an obsession.

Which seems to be what Bob Marshall, an attorney for Time Inc., has done. He follows the Yankees with a fierce and all-consuming intensity, chortling over each Yankee loss, groaning over each Yankee win—of which, alas, there were 103 in the 1980 season.

Save for Reggie Jackson, whom he dismisses as "an immature, attention-seeking prima donna," Marshall bears no special animus against any of the Yankees. His eyes, quite properly, are on the big picture: "In my view, Yankee hatred is like anti-Americanism in the Arab world or a Communist country in that it is directed at the team itself, not at the individual players or citizens. It would even be possible, I suppose, to individually like all 25 players on the Yan-

continued



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BOOKTALK continued

kee roster and still want the team to lose."

One person connected with the Yanks whom Marshall definitely likes, in a sharp-eyed and humorous way, is the shortstop-turned-broadcaster Phil Rizzuto, whose "lad-like enthusiasm for the game" is indeed an endearing quality. In a different way, so too is Rizzuto's treatment of the English language. Marshall has studied Rizzuto's closely and has come forth with what may well be the definitive paragraph on the subject.

"Rizzuto has a way with words that doesn't quite rise to the level of malapropism, but isn't the right way, either. Seeing a fan's sign that proclaimed Pinella the real Italian stallion, Rizzuto pointed out that 'Lou's descendants are actually from Spain.' Pinella and Mercer are valuable players down the stretch because of their 'veteran whiteness.' Today's game was delayed at the top of the eighth inning because 'a couple of million' ran out to give Bucky Dent a hug. The inning before, Dent made a good play 'on the second-base side of shortstop.' Bits of folk wisdom, like today's sudden shower, come out of the blue: 'They say rain makes you grow.' After a Rodriguez error, he began to moralize, 'Now there's a point in case.'"

When new Seattle manager Maury Wills brought the Mariners to town and drilled them in fundamentals, Rizzuto said he should save it for next spring: "The seed is planted in spring training, then nine months later frustration pays off." Emily Dickinson is the one who told me about that.

Avails such as the above are really more interesting than Marshall's recapitulations of and comments on the games of the '80 season. He noted in April, for example, that the American League schedule meant that "for the last seven weeks of the 1980 season, it is possible that there could be two pennant races going in the East—one in Baltimore, one in New York—and the two principals would never meet," which is just what happened. He complains about the "modern" scoreboards that don't give up-to-the-minute out-of-town scores. And he has harsh words for those fans who "celebrate" wins by ripping up the turf and attacking ballparkers who are trying to leave the field.

"The 'spontaneous exuberance' of the fans is usually plotted well in advance and is fortified by three hours of beer drinking. It is no more a part of the game than having your tires slashed while your car is in the stadium parking lot."

As all of that suggests, Marshall is a traditionalist. He has come reluctantly to terms with the designated hitter, but he staunchly resists all other efforts to tamper with the basic structure of the Grand Old Game. In that respect he is similar to another notable baseball diarist, Art Hill, with whose two books *Diary of a Yankee-Fan* deserves favorable comparison. Marshall's keen wit is as appealing as his anti-Yankee bias.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A REMINDER

It was reported last week that a five-member owners' disciplinary committee had fined Milwaukee Brewer General Manager Harry Dalton \$50,000 for speaking his mind to the Washington Post concerning baseball's labor negotiations, which are expected to end in a players' strike on May 29. The committee apparently thought Dalton had deviated from the party line by sounding too dovish about the negotiations. The fine—indeed, the very existence of a committee empowered to impose such a whopping penalty—suggests that the owners don't much trust one another, a possibility further borne out, as it happens, by the dispute itself. By asking the players to consent to the payment of stiffer compensation by teams signing free agents, the owners are hoping to put a lid on salaries, which have soared for the simple reason that the owners are unable to control themselves or one another. Labor-management dispute? The fine imposed on Dalton serves as a reminder that this is also very much a management-management dispute.

ALL-AMERICA LOSERS

Not counting punters or placekickers, 47 different college football players were honored last season on All-America teams chosen by the AP, UPI, Football Writers Association, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Football News, Walter Camp and Kodak. All 47 played for schools that had winning seasons. The selectors of those teams are either sports-writers or college coaches. By contrast, two players from losing teams, Texas Tech Defensive Back Ted Watts and Wake Forest Guard Bill Ard, earned All-America recognition from *The Sporting News*. Its selectors are NFL scouts and personnel directors, the same fearless judges of talent who included four players from below-.500 college teams among the 28 first-round picks in the recent draft: California Quarterback Rich Campbell (Green Bay), Kansas Wide Re-

ceiver David Verser (Cincinnati), Watts (Oakland) and Auburn Running Back James Brooks (San Diego).

Why do the All-America teams selected by writers and coaches have no players from losing teams? Hazardizing a guess, one NFL personnel chief, the Dallas Cowboys' Gil Brandt, says, "TV teams dominate the All-America squads because that's the way most writers and coaches get a look at players out of their conference or area. And how many losing teams play on TV? Not many."

Brandt and other NFL personnel directors clearly parted company with All-America selectors over Purdue Quarterback Mark Herrmann, who led the Boilermakers to an 8-3 record last season. Though he was a consensus All-America, earning first-team honors from all the teams selected by writers or coaches except the NEA's (Ohio State's Art Schlichter got the nod on that one), Herrmann was ignored by *The Sporting News*, which chose Stanford's John Elway, a sophomore. Herrmann was also passed over in the NFL draft until Denver finally selected him in the fourth round, the 99th player taken overall. That put him exactly 93 picks behind the first quarterback selected, Campbell, whose team had a 3-8 record.

HOLD THAT LINE

James Strong, a local cattle rancher, wasn't happy with the way his boy fared last season under James Anderson, the football coach of the Rolla (Mo.) High School Bulldogs. Lance (Boomer) Strong, a 6'1", 205-pound sophomore, played fullback and linebacker on the junior varsity but quit after getting into only two varsity games. The elder Strong, who hopes his son will get a college football scholarship, showed his displeasure by trying unsuccessfully to get Anderson fired. Then he took another tack: Strong's 470-acre ranch is right on the boundary line separating the Rolla School District from the St. James School District, and he's now attempting to get the line re-

drawn to enable Boomer to attend and play football at the high school in St. James, 10 miles away.

Some townspeople in Rolla feel that Strong should have freedom of choice in the matter of which side of the boundary his ranch lies on. Others disagree, less because of Boomer's football talent—he's considered a good but not spectacular prospect—than because the desired boundary change would mean less real-estate tax revenue for Rolla, more for St. James. Accordingly, after Strong collected the 260 signatures on petitions necessary for placing the question on last



month's general election ballot, the boundary shift was rejected by Rolla voters but approved by those in St. James. Because of the split decision, this week the Missouri Board of Education is expected to appoint a three-member arbitration board to resolve the issue. Strong says of the upcoming vote on the boundary-line adjustment, "I will go by the wishes of the majority." As for Boomer, he says that he'll miss his Rolla friends if he winds up playing for the St. James High Tigers, adding, "They'd like for me to stay, but they understand." A surprisingly equitable note is also struck by Anderson, "Parents don't always agree with coaches," he says.

FUSE-LETTER

Did you know it can be Clear and Rainey in the Boston Red Sox bullpen at the same time? Well, it can—just the other day, relief pitchers Mark Clear and Chuck Rainey were successively called into action in a stormy 8-4 Sox loss to Texas (Starliner Frank Tanana having long

continued

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since gone to the showers)—and the co-existence of Chuck and Mark on the same pitching staff was duly noted by Warner Fusselle in a recent issue of his weekly *Fuse-Letter*. Privately circulated, *Fuse-Letter* is an informative, sometimes irrelevant compendium of baseball oddities, gags and such recondite information as the fact that Tom Seaver's first, 1,000th, 2,000th and 3,000th major-league strikeout victims were all first basemen.

An announcer for Major League Baseball Productions, which is responsible for Major League Baseball's *An Inside Look*, *The Baseball Broadcast* and other TV fare related to the national pastime, Fusselle began turning out *Fuse-Letter* last year as an in-house memo to provide ideas for one of the most successful MLBTV features, *This Week in Baseball*. The initial circulation was two. But *Fuse-Letter* soon gained a wider audience, and now—talk about a success story—there's a spin-off, a weekly column syndicated to 735 daily papers by Newspaper Enterprise Association. It contains such tidbits as this wry question about one of the young season's hottest sluggers and the hottest team: "Will Tony Armas and the Oakland A's vote to go on strike?" As for Tom Seaver's milestone strikeout victims, they were Donn Clendenon, Willie Montanez, Dan Driessen and Keith Hernandez.

GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER

First he was Ross Fields, a quarter-miler on the American University track team and small-time nightclub operator in Washington, D.C. Then he was Harold Smith, a free-spending track and boxing promoter who disappeared during the investigation of an alleged \$21.3 million bank embezzlement. Subsequently apprehended and unmasked, he now hopes to merge his two disparate selves, or so it appeared last week when he filed a petition in Los Angeles Superior Court seeking to have his name legally changed to Harold Rossfields Smith.

ON WITH THE SHOW

Few things are more sacred to NFL bosses than Monday-night football games, extravaganzas that showcase the sport and produce abundant television riches. Trouble is, when Monday-night games are played in the East, the kickoff is at the late hour of 9 p.m., to accommodate the West Coast TV audience. This brings out younger fans, many of whom tune up for the game by drinking and carous-

ing. Some of the worst problems occurred last season on the occasion of the New England Patriots' 23-14 victory over the Denver Broncos at Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Mass. As reported at the time (SCORECARD, Oct. 13), the game wasn't sold out, there was a last-minute crush of ticket buyers, fistfights broke out and a 69-year-old man was fatally injured when he was struck by a vehicle as he walked toward the stadium. Police said the driver, a teen-ager, had been drinking. During the game, cans of beer and Frisbees were recklessly hurled through the crowd, cops were doused with beer as they tried to quell disturbances and one was hospitalized after being kicked in the back. There were at least 50 arrests and more than 100 people were evicted from the stadium. When the game ended, youths rampaged through the parking lots, damaging cars.

It wasn't the first outbreak of violence on a Monday night at Schaefer, and Foxboro police reiterated their previously expressed opposition to such games. But the NFL, no doubt concerned about setting an unwelcome precedent, let it be known that it considered Monday-night football "a 28-team thing," as Val Pinchbeck, the league's director of broadcasting, puts it. By way of compromise, the Foxboro Board of Selectmen suggested a 7 p.m. kickoff that would leave less time for pregame drinking, but this was ruled out by the NFL, which complained that the earlier start—4 p.m. on the West Coast—would result in the loss of both viewers and revenue. Another suggestion is that the sale of beer be banned at Monday-night games in Foxboro. But the concessionaire, Canteen Corporation, wants no part of this, nor does the company that runs Schaefer, Stadium Realty Trust, which gets a cut of the beer revenue. They point out—correctly—that the banning of beer sales wouldn't prevent people from drinking before the game or sneaking liquor into the stadium.

The Foxboro Selectmen are due to meet May 18 to consider whether to permit Monday-night games at Schaefer. What makes this an interesting exercise is that the NFL has already gone ahead and scheduled a Monday game at Schaefer for Sept. 21—at 9 p.m.—between the Patriots and the Dallas Cowboys. Asked whether the league had given any thought to what it might do if the Foxboro elders ruled out such a game, Pinchbeck replied, "None whatsoever." Expressing

annoyance that a reporter was even questioning him on the subject, Pinchbeck protested at one point, "Could I ask you something? Is this really that big a thing?"

CHARGE IT, PLEASE

University of Texas athletic department officials were taken aback by the bill they received from the Austin Marriott after weekend visits by seven high-school basketball players being recruited by Coach Abe Lemons. The players had charged a total of \$1,267.40 in their rooms for the purchase of sportswear, souvenirs and sundries in the hotel's gift shop. Texas officials notified the hotel that the charges weren't authorized, and Lemons informed the athletes, three of whom had signed letters of intent to attend Texas, that they wouldn't be welcome at the school unless they paid up.

One of the Texas-bound recruits, Robert Hughes Jr., a 6'3" guard at Fort Worth Dunbar High, reportedly ran up the biggest bill—\$525.80. He told the campus newspaper, *The Daily Texan*, "I don't know about that total amount but all I bought was some gum and peanuts." Hughes' father, who also happens to be the basketball coach at Fort Worth Dunbar, seemed less than convinced. Pronouncing himself "extremely disgusted" with his son, he said, "I don't know who he thought he was, charging those things, but I do know who is going to have to pay for it. I also know who is going to pay me back with his first paycheck this summer, or UT is going to be minus a player after I break both legs." Although Hughes later said that the threat to break his son's legs was a rhetorical exercise, he also said that any money he might have to come up with to cover the unpaid bill would be loaned to his son at "the highest interest rates the law will allow."

THEY SAID IT

- Joe DiMaggio, reflecting on what his salary might have been in baseball's current free-agent market: "If I were sitting down with George Steinbrenner and based on what Dave Winfield got for his statistics, I'd have to say, 'George, you and I are about to become partners.'"
- Bill Lee, Montreal Expo pitcher, on baseball-card collecting as a hobby: "We live in a collecting society. Some people collect automobiles or guns, others just collect unemployment." **END**

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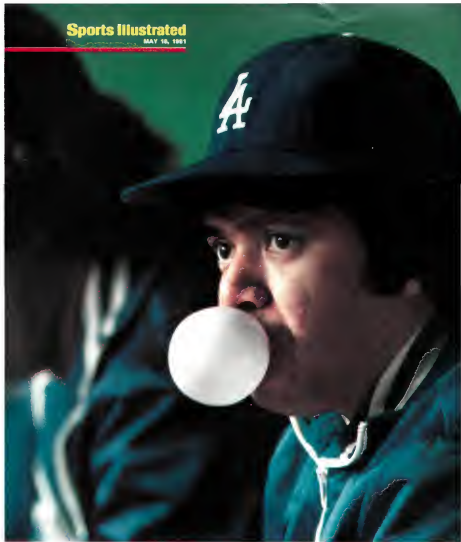
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MAY 16, 1991



WILL THE BUBBLE



Fernando Valenzuela had to struggle for a while in running his record to 7-0 but, by gum, he got his fifth shutout

by JIM KAPLAN

It was a press conference more suited to a foreign dignitary than an athlete, but, then, a foreign dignitary is pretty much what the Dodgers' Fernando Valenzuela has become. Only a prince or other potentate could have viewed the mediocrity with such equanimity. Some 100 news people gathered in Shea Stadium's Diamond Club last Thursday afternoon, with TV cameramen jockeying for position and print reporters hooting them down. Valenzuela's interpreter was a Dodger Spanish-language broadcaster, Jaime Jarrin, who translated English questions for Valenzuela and Spanish questions for the English-language press. Only when Valenzuela spoke was it apparent that all this in-do was for a 20-year-old kid from Etchobasquita, Mexico, not someone like José López Portillo, that country's president. No, Valenzuela hadn't heard about the baseball strike expected to start on May 29. Yes, he was a little put off by having to answer questions when he could be watching TV. When the press conference broke up, Valenzuela turned to Met Catcher Alex Treviño, a fellow Mexican. "Where do you want to go?" asked Valenzuela. "Are there any good Mexican restaurants?"

"No, just Cuban ones," replied Treviño, and they were off.

Since his big-league career began in September, Valenzuela has progressed from being a curiosity to hot prospect to phenom to world-beater. Coming into last Friday's start against the Mets, he led the majors in wins (6), shutouts (4), complete games (5), earned run average (0.33) and strikeouts (50). When he added a 1-0, 11-strikeout victory over New York, Valenzuela could add yet another classification: doubters (0).

Two weeks earlier Valenzuela had complained to his agent, Antonio De Marco, that he was getting so much attention he didn't have time to shag flies or take batting practice, much less prepare for his next start. So for the NL West leader's first Eastern *continued*

EVER BURST?

road trip of the season, the Dodgers laid down new media guidelines. There would be one press conference on Valenzuela's first day in each town and another after he pitched. That would be that. But the limitations haven't stopped reporters and camera crews from descending on Etchobuaquila.

"He's a little overwhelmed by the attention," says De Marco, "but he figures if that's the way it is, that's the way it is." De Marco, a Mexican immigrant who also represents actors, is doing his best not to overcommit his client. Already, he has rejected more than \$200,000 worth of endorsement opportunities. Valenzuela would represent only "wholesome" products, not beer or cigarettes, says De Marco. Valenzuela's salary—a reported \$42,500—is no issue, De Marco says. At the end of last season the Dodgers offered Valenzuela a multi-year contract, the better to "protect" him. De Marco rejected it, reasoning that Valenzuela could earn a better contract based on his 1981 record. By the time he reached New York, De Marco was speaking expansively of his client "crystallizing the American Dream and making a lot of money."

For his part, Valenzuela has remained notably aloof from extracurricular matters. He even declined NBC's offer to fly his family in for the Met game. (The Dodgers will pay his folks' way to L.A. this week.) After the Shea Stadium press conference Valenzuela and friends drove to a Cuban restaurant for lunch, where he ate black beans, white rice, roast pig and fried bananas. "Just like Thanksgiving," said Mike Brito, the Cuban-born scout who signed him to a Dodger contract. Then it was back to the New York Sheraton to rest until 8:30 p.m., whereupon Valenzuela went down a block to the Carnegie Deli and ordered a pastrami sandwich, which he couldn't finish. If he had gone down farther to the celebrity-conscious Stage Deli, the management probably would have immediately named a sandwich after him. Night life? He watched *Private Benjamin* in his room. On Friday, Valenzuela rose late, had a 2 p.m. steak at the hotel and rested until the Dodgers' 5:15 p.m. bus to Shea.

All week the Mets had been hyping Fernando's arrival—with public-address pitches, scoreboard bulletins, Mexican music at the ball park and Spanish-language radio ads away from it. Fernando

Fever wasn't limited to New York, though. The number of Venezuelan radio stations carrying the Dodgers' Spanish-language broadcasts had been increased from 20 to 40 for this game, and the number of Mexican stations from three to 17. Etchobuaquians heard the game on loudspeakers. Undoubtedly, Valenzuela's parents and his 11 brothers and sisters were among them. Heretofore they had had to follow Fernando's progress by listening for Dodger scores on the Spanish-language broadcasts of San Diego Padre games. Or they had awaited word from Valenzuela's sister in Navojia, whom the pitcher calls after virtually every start.

The Mets built two extra ticket booths near the subway entrances to accommodate the anticipated rush of fans. The crowd of 39,848 was the Mets' largest of the season—they had been averaging 11,358—and, according to one estimate, put an extra \$310,000 in the club till.

Valenzuela proceeded to give the fans their money's worth. His shutout was predictable; how he got it wasn't.

Los Angeles scored a first-inning run on an error, a balk and a single. Then as *La Bamba* blared over the P.A., Valenzuela walked regally to the mound—carriage erect, chest out, only his legs and arms moving—and immediately got into trouble. His fabulous screwball, the scourge of baseball, was mousing the corners. The Mets loaded the bases on a single and two walks, but then Valenzuela's scroogie came to life: On a 1-1 pitch he induced Dave Kingman to ground to Third Baseman Ron Cey for an inning-ending double play. As he did after every inning, even when he had been in a jam, Valenzuela walked without expression off the mound and slapped a profligate palm in the dugout.

In the second, the Mets again loaded

THE EYES HAVE IT



Valenzuela's secret can now be revealed: It's not his screwball or

the bases, but with two out Valenzuela righted himself by fanning Bob Bailor. He survived the third after yielding a single and a walk. Valenzuela was playing brinkmanship: no runs, but seven runners left on base.

The true test of a pitcher isn't how he pitches when he's on, but whether he survives when he's off. Valenzuela not only survived; he took control. There is a Spanish expression, *Camina con los angeles* ("He walks with the angels"), that seems to apply to him. Characteristically rolling his eyes heavenward on every pitch, Valenzuela began gaining strength. He retired the side in order in the fourth and fifth. Mixing his fastball, curve and screwball, he gave up harmless singles in the sixth, seventh and eighth and humili-



the fact he throws all his pitches with a similar motion. In his windup he casts his eyes helplessly toward heaven and then—watch out batter!—chooses their

uted the Mets in their last turn at bat. First he fanned Doug Flynn, a .346 hitter, by throwing two screwballs for strikes and then crossing him up with a fastball down the middle. Frank Taveras tried to bunt his way on, but succeeded only in grounding to Cey. Reduced to desperation, Lee Mazzilli chased a 3-0 pitch and popped to First Baseman Steve Garvey. Valenzuela had thrown 137 pitches, the most in his big-league career; he looked as if he could have thrown more.

Like a crafty fish, Valenzuela had allowed the Mets a good chase (five walks, seven hits) but no catch. And like frustrated fishermen, the Mets had nothing to show for their efforts but exasperation. Poking hopelessly at screwballs, the power-hitting Kingman fanned three times.

When the respected Rusty Staub pinch-hit in the seventh with a runner on second, Dodger Catcher Mike Scioscia asked Valenzuela, "Do you know who this is?" Valenzuela replied, "I know how to pitch him." Staying safely inside on Staub, who likes the ball over the plate, Valenzuela walked him on four pitches.

"The second time around, we'll see," said Mazzilli. The Giants and Astros said the same thing and were shut out. The safest prediction is that he'll be involved in a lot of pitchers' duels. In four of his seven starts the Dodgers have scored no more than two runs. "Fernando said to go out and get them in the first inning, and we got the run for him—what more do we need?" said Dodger Second Baseman Davey Lopes after Friday's win.

Valenzuela has maintained remarkable composure through all of this. On Friday night, with runners on first and second in the seventh, Fernando paused to scan the stands and watch a plane fly overhead. At the end of the game he skillfully handled four different handshakes—an abbreviated soul, a high-five, a low-five and a conventional.

Later, Valenzuela was asked, facetiously, if he thought he could win every game. "That would be very difficult," he said deadpan, "but not impossible." But surely it is impossible. No pitcher is unbeatable. "That's what's so beautiful about Fernando," says Dodger Pitching Coach Ron Perrazooki. "Things like him just don't happen." Until this year, anyway.

END



Auerbach called Bird's basket off his own missed shot in Game 1 "the greatest play I've ever seen"

SO FAR, SO MIRACULOUS

A Jewish monk and a latter-day Moses helped put upstart Houston into a 2-2 tie with Boston in the NBA title series

by JOHN PAPANEEK

Maybe this was an NBA championship series that was destined to happen, the best against the worst to prove what the league would have all of its fans believe: That once the playoffs begin, forget everything, it's "the second season."

In this case it was the Boston Celtics, with the best regular-season record in the NBA, against the Houston Rockets, the worst of the 12 clubs that qualified for post-season play. The series could have ended in a flash, especially after Houston's Game 3 performance on Saturday, which tied a record for final-round anti-climatic. But it didn't, because despite the impatience of the Celtics' fans, the NBA steadfastly refused to raise championship banner No. 14 to the rafters of Boston Garden until the Celtics beat the Rockets four times. And after Houston lifted itself on Sunday, much like the space shuttle *Columbia*, which is the Rockets' newly adopted mascot, the fact was that the Celtics would need to play at least six games to win four.

On the other hand, who believed Houston would be tied 2-2 with Boston in the final? The Rockets. Who believes Houston can win the championship? Right. The Rockets.

GAME 1 The Rocket players gathered all their good-luck talismans and stuffed them into their duffel bags for the opening two-game trip to Boston. They had their record-tying seven playoff road victories, the cosmic energy they had presumably picked up during a visit by space shuttle Pilot Bob Crippen and the miracle from on high conjured up by Brother Dominic of Xerox TV commercial fame.

"Brother Dominic turned the season around for us in November," said Houston publicist Jim Foley. "He was at a game when we were behind the Lakers by 19 in the third quarter. Brother Dominic looked to Heaven and we won the game. Next thing, he was hugging Moses Malone in the locker room."

Rocket Coach Del Harris was clearly delighted to be in a race he figured to be

out of long ago. Houston had finished 40-42 in the regular season and had become only the third sub-.500 club in league history to reach the finals. "We've been written off more times than a Cape Cod cottage," he said, recalling the wit, not to mention the snow-white hair, of erstwhile presidential candidate John Anderson. Obviously, Harris knew that he couldn't finish third.

Thanks to CBS (the Camouflaged Basketball Service) and the miracle of delayed videotape, the telecasts of the Rockets taking out San Antonio and Kansas City in succession were aired when many of those who cared—in Texas and elsewhere—were fast asleep.

One late-night TV freak was Captain Video, a/k/a Boston Coach Bill Fitch. Fitch had recently become an insomniac, partly because of a sore sciatic nerve, partly out of fear of flying—one-way back to Cleveland, whose Cavaliers he previously coached, should the Celtics lose the series to a team they had beaten 13 straight times over the past two years. Thus, there was little chortling from Fitch after Boston narrowly escaped with a 98-95 victory in Game 1.

Still, Boston was able to beat Houston at its own ugly walk-the-hall-up game that permits the Rockets to send Malone after offensive rebounds as though they were so many gold nuggets. The Celtics all but obliterated Malone this time. He got just five of his 15 rebounds and five of his 13 points in the second half. Overall, Boston beat the Rockets on the offensive boards 25-19. "That was the ball game," said Fitch.

Meanwhile, the individual rebounding wizard turned out not to be Malone, but Boston's Larry Bird, who proves with every game that he has more developed basketball talent—not to be confused with "natural ability"—than any other player in the game today. Bird got 21 rebounds—going into the finals he had been in double figures off the boards in every one of his 11 playoff games—to go with nine assists and 18 points. Two of those points came after Bird followed his own missed 18-foot shot from the right wing, grabbed the rebound as it bounced high off the rim, shifted the ball from his right hand to his left in midair and flipped it in before he went sprawling beyond the baseline. The other players on the premises—let alone most of the crowd—were in awed disbelief.

Boston General Manager Red Auerbach called it "the greatest play I've ever seen" and said, "Larry Bird is a player of destiny."

Did Red really say those things? Bird was asked.

"Aw, Red's always aaaaahhh in his mouth," said Bird. "I don't listen to nothing," he says. "I just let it go in one ear and out the other."

On the Houston side, Harris kept hearing the same inevitable question: Did

Houston really belong here? "I'll tell you," he said. "Boston hasn't seen the last of Moses Malone."

GAME 2 Forty-eight hours later, after Houston had evened the series with a 92-90 win, Harris said, "I'm very happy to say I told you so." Malone had scored 31 points with 15 rebounds, seven offensive, which was more in line with his playoff norms of 27.6 and 14.1. *continued*

Malone: shut down in the opener, rose up in the second game to get 31 points and 15 rebounds



"I figure if I get involved, it's a different game," said Malone. And remember, Moses did this figuring without benefit of having gone to college. Not only that, but his fellow University of NBA alumnus, Bill Willoughby, out of Dwight Morrow High in Englewood, N.J., popped in 14 big points.

Malone was supposed to be held in check by Boston's three-headed monster of a center—Robert Parish, Rick Robey and Kevin McHale. But all they did was waste 15 fouls—starter Parish played but 14 minutes before fouling out—and Malone went to the line 18 times, hitting 11 shots, compared to his 5 for 6 in Game 1. The Celtics, meanwhile, had 22 turnovers (Houston had 10), which the Rockets converted into 31 points. Bird had another brilliant game, with 21 rebounds and 19 points, but Boston can't depend on him alone any more than Malone can do it all for Houston.

Boston's performance tightened the already-tight knot in Fitch's gut. He found praise only for Bird and Robey who, said Fitch, "did a good job filling in for whoever was wearing Parish's uniform tonight." At halftime Fitch had put a fist through the locker-room blackboard. After the game he ordered his players to pull up their jerseys and search their persons for on-off buttons.

The Rockets, meanwhile, were in sub-orbit. Notably, they had won with Forward Robert Reid, a 17.4 scorer in the playoffs, going 0-7 from the field and Guard Calvin Murphy, their 20-point, 51% shooting spark plug, coming up 4 for 13. Instead, it was Willoughby, Forward Billy Paulitz and guards Mike Dunleavy and Allen Leavell, a reserve who hit the winning basket, who gave Malone his best support.

"We're like a rampaging pack of little wolves fighting for survival," said Murphy, the littlest wolf. "If one strays, another says, 'Hey now, you can't be doing that.' We proved we belonged."

GAME 3 So the Rockets broke their jinx after 14 straight losses to Boston and took the home-court advantage. What advantage? Home teams had won just 24 of 49 games so far in the '81 playoffs. Still, it was the first time any Houston team in any sport had hosted a world championship event, and it may be remembered as the greatest rout since the Alamo.

When the invaders from the north

were through the score read 94-71 and if you remember 1955, that wonderful year when the 24-second clock was invented, you might also remember Syracuse being nipped by Fort Wayne 74-71 in Game 5 of the finals in Indianapolis. No team had come up with such a paltry score in the finals since then.

Surely the Celtics played their own game this time, getting more than a third of their points off their devastating fast break. Boston's defense was asound-

ing, too, but it was hard to tell where defense left off and Houston ineptitude took over. Houston had two players—that's right, two—in double figures, Malone with 23 and Willoughby with 12. Houston's biggest basket was by reserve Forward Major Jones. It came with 10 seconds left and insured that the Rockets wouldn't break Syracuse's record.

Houston was so bad it shot 30.4% for the game, including a 17%—3 for 17—second quarter. It was so bad that

Malone, after a lowly 16 points in two outings on his home parquet, hit *The Summit* with 19 in Game 3.



after Parish picked up three fouls in the first 5½ minutes, Boston's lead zoomed from one point to 17. It was so bad that Murphy, on his 33rd birthday, shot 3 for 10 and missed a free throw, stopping his streak of conversions at 49, seven shy of old Celtic Bill Sharman's playoff-record 56.

Had Murphy ever had such a lousy birthday? "The day I was born it was storming," said Calvin. "Well, it was storming today." And it was, outside as well as inside The Summit.

Bird scored just eight points, but he also had a team-high 13 rebounds, 10 assists and five steals as well as two blocked shots. And he seemed flushed with an extra measure of Celtic Pride as he watched his teammates do the scoring: Cedric Maxwell (19), Chris Ford (17), Gerald Henderson (12), Robey (11), Parish (11) and Tary Archibald (10).

Almost forgotten were the words of Reid, who had said before matching up with Bird in the series, "I'm going to cover him so close I'll tell you what kind of cologne he — is wearing. I'm going to be able to count the — hairs on his neck. He'll be seeing my number in his sleep." Bird and Reid went nose-to-nose after a shoving match in the second quarter. Reid went on to shoot 2 for 11. Bird, meanwhile, had some fun with a taunting Houston fan, goose-stepping and dribbling between his legs during a play stoppage. Bird never hot-dogs. "I liked having the crowd against me," he said. "It was good to get out of Boston. The pressure was building too much."

GAME 4 There seemed to be a couple of things the Celtics hadn't counted on when they returned to The Summit on Sunday afternoon. Little things, like the Rockets' slamming the boards for a season-high 28 offensive rebounds, 10 for Reid, nine for Malone; like Houston getting off 103 shots from the field, 29 more than Boston; like Dunleavy, who hadn't scored in double figures in the series, putting in 28 points.

Of course, Boston didn't expect to lose 91-86 after it had so humiliated the Rockets the day before. But the Celtics didn't know that the Rockets brought in a couple of genuine NASA astronauts for the game or that Brother Dominic would be making his second visit of the season to The Summit.



Reid stayed in almost constant touch with Bird in Games 3 and 4, holding him to eight points in each

"Brother Dominic? Brother Dominic?" a fan called as the short, paunchy, brown-robed "monk" passed out buttons that read THE MIRACLE CONTINUES before the game. "Did you say Mass for us today?"

"Are you kidding?" he answered. "I was in shul all day yesterday. A Jewish monk. How can you lose?" Brother Dominic, it turns out, is really an actor named Jack Eagle from the Bronx.

As the word WAR flashed repeatedly on the giant scoreboard, bodies slammed on the floor below. At halftime the score was 50-50, but Houston had taken 20 more shots than Boston and Harris had played just six men, a strategy he would use for the rest of the game. "Substituting messes up a game," he would say afterward. "Why mess with the chemistry when it's working?"

In the second half Malone proved he could read Harris' blackboard commandments, one of which was "Hammer it in." So Moses, on his way to 24 points and 22 rebounds, hammered—four times in Parish's face in the first four minutes of the third quarter, while the Celtics scored but a single basket. From there,

Dunleavy took over, driving past Archibald, Parish, Maxwell and Bird for layups, picking himself up off the floor to hit free throws, pulling up from outside, even popping a three-pointer. His face was a mass of welts after the game, leading Reid to say, "Mike looked like he had been beaten with a club."

This time Bird was truly shut down by Reid, who outscored him 19-8 and outrebounded him 13-12, 10-0 in the all-important offensive end. And Fitch, who normally refuses to criticize officials, indicated that he felt Malone was allowed more contact than Boston's less celebrated big men. "From here on out," said Fitch, "we're going to do unto Moses as he does unto us."

As the Celtics headed home knowing there would be a Game 5 in Boston and at least a Game 6 back in Houston, an exhausted Bird said, "I know there's got to be some sunlight at the end of this tunnel somewhere. I can play three more games if I have to."

So can the Rockets. After all, what's one more week of war when there's a miracle in the offing?

GONE WITH THE WIND, LITERALLY

The merest zephyr prevented Carl Lewis from achieving the most remarkable feat of an outstanding track and field meet

by KENNY MOORE

Carl Lewis would remember his sensation throughout the long jump competition at Sunday's UCLA-Pepsi Invitational Track Meet in Los Angeles as one of twitching eagerness. It was a sensation shared by many of the athletes in Drake Stadium, who responded with a number of extraordinary performances, giving promise of a splendid outdoor season. "First, I wanted 27 feet," Lewis said. He leaped 27' 3" on his opening jump. "Immediately, I thought 28." No American had ever jumped 28 feet, save for Bob Beamon's 29' 2½" world-record performance of the century in the 1968 Olympics. "I got tensed," said Lewis, a University of Houston sophomore, and he fouled on his next jump, taking off an inch past the board on an effort that seemed to officials to have been beyond 28 feet. He fouled again. And yet again.

Lewis' coach, Tom Tellez, pointed out that the first step of Lewis' 145-foot approach would have to come down on the spot where the Tartan runway ended and the infield grass began. "To get his foot on the runway he'd been reaching a little," said Tellez. "It meant he was bound to overrun the board at the other end."

Lewis moved his starting mark back three inches, took a relaxed run and jumped 27' 9½". He had one attempt remaining. "The suspense was there," he said later. "I knew I was on. I wanted to get on down there and find out."

Lewis' wind-aided jump of 28' 3½" was second only to Beamon's stunning leap at Mexico City





Greg Foster was able to keep his concentration on hurdling—not Renaldo Nehemiah (third from right)—and beat his archrival with a personal best of 13.10.

Lewis' hunger didn't go unobserved. Arnie Robinson, the 1976 Olympic champion, was in second place with 25' 8" and was scheduled to jump before Lewis. Robinson watched his pacing, intent, 19-year-old rival, recognized what he saw and passed his last jump so Lewis could seize the moment.

A grateful Lewis began at once, using a good percentage of his 10.2 100-meter speed, although Tellex wouldn't call it Lewis' smoothest approach. But he jumped with power, performing a double hitch kick before striking the sand.

The crowd of 10,000 knew. As Lewis sank into the pit he was swept by that explosive, low, awestruck roar that only stunning performances elicit. "The last time I had a feeling like that was at the world-record indoors [when he jumped 27' 10 1/2"] in February in Fort Worth." The athletes and coaches in the warmup and medical areas became silent, their heads turning. The sound of the crowd indicated that someone really had done something, and everyone felt it. "God,

look in the goosebumps on my arm," said one bystander.

That was the effect on people who didn't even know what had happened, so imagine how Lewis felt. "I heard '28' and I got dancing," he said, "and then I thought, 'Whoa, 28 what?'"

It was 28' 3 3/4", and Lewis, the pit's gray sand still dusting his legs, laughed and leaped, presenting the not entirely fanciful image of a man who can just soar on and on and on. Thus, it wasn't an especially cruel blow when the black-blazered officials, sweating in L.A.'s early-season 90° heat, announced that the aiding wind on Lewis' jump, which was longer than any except Beamon's miracle, was 2.02 meters per second. The maximum allowable wind for a jump to be accepted as a record (and the reading taken during Beamon's leap in Mexico City) is 2.00. At least, Lewis' 27' 9 1/4" will be accepted as the American all-comers record.

"He'll do better," said Tellex, calmly. His relationship with Lewis seems more

that of a privileged observer than a demanding coach. "We knew 28 feet was just a question of time," he said, "but 29? That's another matter. You can't predict that. No one can. All you can say is that it isn't inconceivable."

Lewis' timing of this remarkable leap couldn't have been better, as it came on Mother's Day before the gaze of his mother, Evelyn Lewis of Willingboro, N.J., who was speechless with delight. And his sister, Carol, a Houston-bound high school senior, got so excited that her own jumping fell apart. She came in fourth in the women's competition with a 20' 5 1/4", a foot shorter than Kathy McMillan-Ray's winning jump. "I was really happy for him," Carol said, "I guess it drained me." It seemed the nicest, possible excuse—being fouled up by too much familial love.

Such isn't quite the feeling between the two finest high hurdlers the world has ever known, Renaldo Nehemiah and Greg Foster. Nehemiah, who set the world record of 13.00 in this meet in

continued



The heat resulted in a slow early pace for sprinters Loughlan (No. 1), Scott (2) and Walter (left).



Scott blitzed home with a 52.8 final quarter.

1979, has always been glitzy in case in the public eye, while Foster, whose best going into the Pepsi meet was 13.22, has never been comfortable with the idea, or fact, of celebrity. Nehemiah, whose blazing start loves all opponents to play catch-up, especially the taller Foster, also is a consummate verbal tactician; he has repeatedly pointed out how his rival's frantic, late-race pressing was bound to get Foster in trouble. And, indeed, such remarks often have been followed by Foster's splintering one or more of the last five hurdles as Nehemiah flowed on to win.

But last year Nehemiah quit the University of Maryland team, and this year he won the Supravets competition, neither of which led him to do much early-season speed work. And Foster has trained exceptionally well, concentrating on form and hurdles, not dialogue or rivals seen out of the corner of his eye. Yet for a while the race seemed a continuation of Nehemiah's mystery, for there he was over the first hurdle with his polished style. But this time Foster wasn't watching. "Just the hurdles and the finish line," he said later. By the third hurdle he had caught Nehemiah and was running with hard, choppy swiftness. He won by three or four yards, an impressive margin. Nehemiah, strong but not yet fast, was third (13.46) behind Sam

Turner of the Stars and Stripes T.C. (13.43). Foster's time was a resounding 13.10, the second-fastest ever run. "I haven't felt this good since high school," he said.

Nehemiah, who acknowledged he had taken a chance by challenging a man of Foster's gifts without much preparation, went right back to his old song. "Greg is more or less in a must-win situation. He has to win... and this time he did it. This time."

Foster, a UCLA senior who will begin graduate work in child psychology there next fall, smiled at that. "The mental barrier is gone," he said, "and I think he knows it's gone. He has been good at keeping me off balance, but with the help of my academic counselor in psychology, I've got my mind under control." Then he went to gather his textbooks for a physics midterm. "The way I feel now, I'm going to kill it." It was a satisfying certainty, and this quiet man's buoyed confidence promises to do more than raise his grades; it will strengthen an already splendid American rivalry.

The other closely matched pair of Americans, sprinters James Sanford and Stanley Floyd, had a good rip at each other in the 100 meters. Floyd, coming back from a knotted hamstring that had kept him out of hard racing since March, got a perfect start. Sanford drew even at 30 meters, accelerating smoothly, and Floyd hesitated. "Should I or shouldn't I," he thought. "If I put all-on pressure on my leg I might go faster." While Floyd was thinking, Sanford gained a two-yard lead. Floyd cut it to two feet by race's end. Their times, run into a headwind of 8 meter per second, were 10.05 and 10.10. "With the wind at our back, we could've run 10.0," said Sanford, who, rather than twisting the screws to Floyd sought to build him up. "The man, he has pride," Sanford said. "I think there will be a time when Stanley beats me. He's the world's No. 1-ranking sprinter [from last season, when Sanford was injured], and you have to look at the outcome of a whole year, whoever has the most victories." That sort of talk is uncharacteristic of sprinters. Dash men have traditionally been preening and canty. "Nah, we don't try to psych each other out like they did in the '80s," said Sanford. "May the best man win."

Then he won the 200 as well in the fastest time in the world this year, 20.20. "What a day, what a track," Sanford said.

continued

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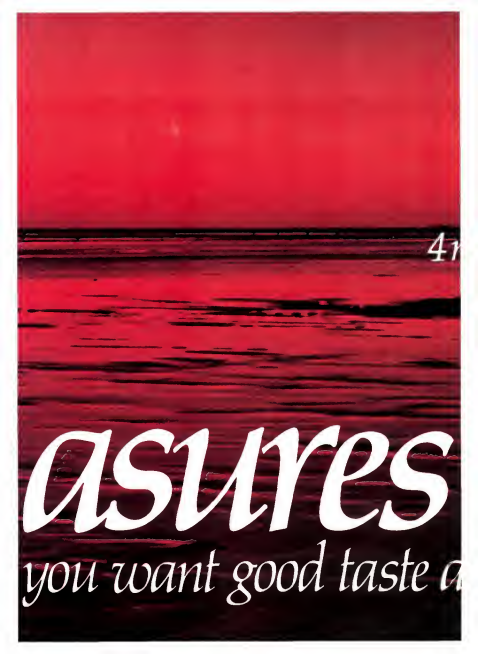
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A full-page photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sky is a deep, vibrant red, transitioning into a darker, almost black horizon line. The water in the foreground is dark with some lighter, shimmering patches reflecting the light. A long, thin bridge or pier is visible on the horizon, stretching across the width of the image. The overall mood is serene and romantic.

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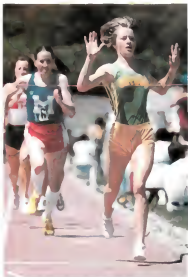
The meet's other double winner, Evelyn Ashford, had to try to the limit in the 100, which she won from UCLA's rocket-starting Jeanette Bolden in 10.99 to 11.18. When the time was announced, Ashford leaped up and shouted, "I told you so," to her sheepish coach, Pat Connelly. That was because Ashford had rashly announced earlier in the day that never again would she run a 100 meters slower than 11 seconds, which didn't give her a lot of room for error, because her American record is 10.97. "It was a kind of joke," Ashford said, "but in the back of my mind I was serious."

More grave still were her feelings about running the 400. "The 100 is to make me fast, the 400 to make me strong," she said, "but I hate the 400. It's not so bad when you're running, but afterward... well, I hate to think of the hurt." She put it out of mind long enough to ease to a 51.80 win, being strong enough to keep on running around the curve after the finish while her pursuers thrashed and died in the stretch. It seemed a difficult exhibition more than a hard race and hinted at far better things to come.

Indeed, in event after event, new season leaders burst forth, men like Arizona State freshman Howard Henley, who won the 400 in 44.92, the year's fastest time. Or ageless Mike Bort of Kenya and the Southern California Striders—he literally is ageless, not knowing when he was born; he figures he's within a year of two of 33—who won the 800 in 1:45.43.

Both the women's and the men's miles were races that provided clear looks at potential being rapidly fulfilled. Francine Larrieu set a pace of 2:15.4 for the half in the women's run, which in years past would have separated her from all but Jan Merrill. Now it got rid of absolutely no one in the field of 12. Down the last backstretch there were still seven runners in close contention, and Oregon's Leann Warren, a sophomore who is known more for her half-mile and good mile-relay legs, settled it with a strong sprint

through the last curve. Merrill, still hampered by a whiplash injury suffered when a jogger crashed into her at this meet a year ago, was a game second. Warren's winning time of 4:30.36 was a women's collegiate record. It was the first mile race that she had ever run in her life, and she walked around pale and faint for some minutes afterward. Her first coherent words were, "It's so long." But obviously she was recovering rapidly, because her second words were, "You know, I think I could have



Warren said so long, then gasped that a mile is "so long."

kicked even earlier and gone faster."

Steve Scott had trained with this meet in mind ever since the indoor season. "The crowd and track and weather have the best chance of being right for a record at UCLA," he had said. The record he sought was Jim Ryan's 14-year-old U.S. mile standard of 3:51.1. Scott got all the right conditions but the weather. The hot, dry day seemed to turn a fine field of milers more than usually cautious. By three-quarters, reached first

by Villanova's Sydney Maree in 2:59.2, all hope of a record was gone. Scott was in sixth, and the other man who seemed most prepared for this early-season race was right behind him. New Zealand's John Walker had run a 3:50.58 mile six weeks earlier in Auckland and then had moved his wife and 20-month-old daughter to the U.S., probably permanently. Now, with 300 meters to go, he took off. Scott chose precisely that moment to begin his own kick. Down the backstretch the pair flew past Craig

Masback, Steve Lacy, Ray Flynn, Maree and Eamonn Coghlan. On the turn Scott gained a yard or two on Walker. "I ran really scared in the stretch," Scott said. He misread the crowd's screaming, thinking it meant Walker was right behind him, when it really signified appreciation for this ever-improving milers' most impressive kick. Scott hit the tape in 3:52.50, having run his last lap in less than 53 seconds. Walker was timed in 3:53.98, and Coghlan in third did 3:54.94. "I could feel we were slow even in the first quarter," said Scott, "but it was so hot I felt tired, and I wasn't going to take off in this type of weather."

It was about then that Carl Lewis happened to let 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ " of ground pass beneath him and thus make this meet of so many splendid performances his own. And that, in turn, gave him a chance to examine close up the kind of work he hopes his communications studies will one day lead him to—sports announcing. In this case, it was a little breathless talk with Bruce Jenner, which Lewis was too kind to critique later, but which was shown only in abbreviated form on NBC's broadcast of the meet. "Jenner was excited," was all Lewis would say. "I was excited." Then, with a nod to his excited sister Carol, he said, "Emotion sometimes makes things hard." He was right about that, for sure, because his own happy eagerness had unexpectedly brought this track season to a bloom the sport hasn't shown since before the Moscow Olympic boycott. **END**

SAMMY COMES SLAMMIN' IN

Tennis' latest phenom is 18-year-old Sammy Giammaiva, who may end up the equal of the hero of his favorite novel **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Dear Donald Dell:

You may not have heard of me, but I guess it's time to bag the junior career and turn pro. I mean, Sammy Giammaiva did and look what happened. He's only 18 and he's already ranked 30 in the world. He might wind up getting seeded at Wimbledon—a guy who hits the ball like ol' Andy Flockenstein. And get this—he doesn't yell at line-men or throw his racket. He doesn't even act like a junior

Giammaiva has got all the shots, but more often than not he wins by "gutsing out" his matches



player. Plus, the guy is a quiet cadet. The other players make fighter sounds when he's around. Why, he looks as if he's sleeping on the court. I figure, if Sammy can make it, I can, too. So what if he beat me love and love last year? My headband was too tight, and you know I can't play when it's too tight.

Yours in tennis,
GILNER GONZALEZ
(soon to be No. 1)



Sammy Guzmán Jr., 5' 10", 170 pounds, two-handed backhand. One of the best returns of serve in the game. Turned pro last month, just two weeks after his 18th birthday. Only teen-ager ranked among the first 40 in the world. Someday he'll have a racket named after him.

There, that should do it. Get the raw facts out of the way quickly, which is how everything is happening for Guzmán. This is the implacable, self-effacing Houston kid with the leather-duster eyelashes and the guileless attitude who has come from the chaff of the junior ranks to win pro matches and upset applecarts—without having acquired his first credit card. Last month every agent worth a contract addendum—including Donald Dell—was knocking at Guzmán's door with a plan to make him a millionaire before he gets out of his teens. Barring injury or collapse, within a few weeks continued



After cramping up against Dibbs, Sammy got a hand from Dad

Giammalva will probably be ranked in the world's Top 20.

Giammalva is the youngest in a remarkable tennis family consisting of his father and coach, Sammy Sr., a U.S. Davis Cup player 25 years ago; his brother Tony, a budding 23-year-old professional who's ranked 77th on the computer but can still whip his little brother; his sister Mary Jo, a sophomore at the University of Texas, and his mother, Cecile. She's in charge of deflating egos and making sure, now that Sammy is a tournament winner and a big deal, that he doesn't forget to dry the dinner dishes or walk Stevie, the dog, at 6 a.m.

"You know Stevie is on a schedule," says Cecile.

"Yeah," moans Sammy, "but why does he have to have *that* schedule?" Dad Borg has to put up with this?

Meanwhile the rest of the family rides Cecile pretty hard, as well, for whenever they think she overrides the discipline.

they threaten to tell the neighbors that as a 20-year-old in San Antonio she was elected Miss Alamo.

"Don't you dare," she shrieks.

The Giammalvas' irreverent humor extends to the family's best friend, Steve Weiss, namesake of the mutt whose care is entrusted to tennis' newest phenom. "Asking me if I am a believer in the Giammalva family is like asking Mr. Gillette which razor he uses," says Weiss. "They're a prototype of what family life should be about. As for little Sammy, from Day One he had unbelievable determination. I'd played him for candy bars when he was six. Such a competitor! He loved it when he was down because it meant he could come from behind. He'd play eight, nine hours a day. There never was any question what Sammy was going to do. He was a kid who could write his own destiny."

Less than a year ago,

Giammalva was in Columbus, Ohio getting his destiny kicked around in a consolation match at an obscure junior tournament. He was down 4-0, 40-0 in the third set but pulled out the victory. It became his personal turning point, and Sammy went on to have a marvelous summer, winning both the Junior International and the U.S. 18-and-under championships. Then, despite strokes that are described as having less pace than a 14-year-old girl's, he reached the third round at the U.S. Open. In the fall, still an amateur, he got to the semifinals of the \$50,000 Israel Tennis Center Classic and the quarters of the \$75,000 Swiss Indoor Championships. By January, he was 189th in the world and accepting congratulations, modestly. "I haven't done anything yet," he said.

His match record for 1981 is 13-5. He began the year by reaching the third round of the \$250,000 U.S. Pro Indoor. Then, after making the quarters of a

\$75,000 tournament in Tampa, he won the \$50,000 Congoleum Invitational in Napa, Calif., beating junior rival Scott Davis in the finals. It was the first time in the history of the Grand Prix tour that two amateurs had reached the title round of a pro tournament.

Giammalva's victory at Napa persuaded his father to heed his son's entreaties to let him turn pro. The same week he shocked his amateur status, Sammy stunned Eddie Dibbs, 18th in the world, en route to the finals of the \$175,000 River Oaks Classic in Houston. He lost 6-2, 6-4 to Guillermo Vilas, the world's No. 4 player at the time, but by the end of the match Vilas looked like a veteran fighter on the ropes wondering how to put away an upstart kid. Said Vilas, "If he plays like this every time, he will win many tournaments. He has the talent, which is the key ingredient. He runs, he fights and he never gives up. Now all he needs to do is work."

If Vilas is right, then Giammalva is headed for stardom, because no young player is more committed to becoming a champion. What transformed him from a kid who merely loved tennis into one who lived it was a book he read when he was 13. Not an instruction guide or a player biography but a tennis novel called *World Class*. The hero is a teen-ager named Christopher, who comes out of nowhere to win Wimbledon and the Davis Cup for the U.S.

As soon as he finished the book, Giammalva sat down and wrote out yearly goals. At 14 he hoped to make the top five in his age division. At 18 he wanted to be a professional and be ranked among the world's top 50. To make that jump, Sammy redefined the term work.

The Giammalva plan required endless hours of hitting balls, running sprints, doing calisthenics, stretching—and then going home to read *World Class* once again. "The thing I like best about turning pro is that now I get to concentrate on tennis all the time," says Sammy, who completed high school in February. "You don't know how nice it is to do something I've always done for fun and be making a good living off it." In his professional debut in Houston, Giammalva picked up \$17,500.

Except for getting more phone calls from females, not much about Giammalva's life away from the courts has changed. He drives a small *continued*



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economy car, and he thinks a big night on the town is going to the local amusement center, where he can pilot mini cars and play electronic games. His father has told him that since he's now a pro, he can start paying for his own tennis balls. One night they figured up Sammy's ball bill for the last few months and it came to nearly \$900.

"O.K.," said Sammy with a smile, "I'll start next week."

This practicality about money is a trait of Sammy's. Members of Houston's Metropolitan Racquet Club, where the senior Giammalva is tennis director and manager, recall Sammy's begging matches with them and asking them to bet on the results. Once a member refused him, Sammy thought about it.

"Listen," he said, "if I give you a dollar, will you play me for it?"

Giammalva also used to be a bit of a brat on the court. After one racket-throwing incident when he was eight, his father banned him from the club for a week. Later, Sammy again was caught in a tantrum. His father made him sit against a wall for three hours. Sammy made a deal. "Buy me a headband, and when I get mad, I'll put it in my mouth and bite it," he said.

"He must have chewed through a carton of headbands," his father says.

Nowadays Giammalva's displays of spleen are pretty much restricted to the words "Dang it!" and various modes of self-inflicted punishment. Last month in Monte Carlo, where he let a second-round match get away, he whacked his right palm with his racket so hard that he broke the flesh. A week later the palm still bore scars.

Sammy may be doing a better job of controlling his temper, but he can do nothing about his rep as a "space cadet." He forgot some of his rackets when he went off to Monte Carlo, and then he lost his passport there. On the court between points he frequently closes his eyes in an attempt to meditate. "My doubles partners yell at me to wake up," he says. He also has a terrible time keeping his shoelaces tied. Recently, his brother Tony went so far as to knot them himself. After about five minutes of warming up, Sammy looked down and smirked.

"Guess what?" he yelled to Tony.

Giammalva's game is difficult to categorize. While he doesn't swing very hard, he plays offensively, taking the ball on the

rise. His ground strokes are smooth and compact, and he returns serve superbly. The return is usually hard and flat, more in the style of Connors than Borg. He also disguises his shots well, especially off his two-listed backhand.

The one stroke that probably has made the difference in Sammy's performance over the last year is his serve. In the juniors, he double-faulted routinely and

way, which gives an indication of the soundness of his ground strokes.

Giammalva also suffered cramps during his quarterfinal win over Dibbs in Houston. The match, which Sammy won in a third-set tiebreaker, lasted nearly three hours. "He was in such agony that people almost couldn't bear to watch," says Giammalva's father, "but he hung in there. It was unbelievable. An hour



Aid in the family: Sammy Sr., a former U.S. Top 10'er, Sammy (center), Tony, who's 27th in the world

had a second delivery that was about as hard to handle as Andreja Jager's. His serve is still his weakest stroke, but it has improved dramatically, thanks to his father, who spotted three flaws in Sammy's delivery. His toss was too high; he was pointing his left hip, and he was pulling his head down too quickly. Giammalva now gets in a high percentage of his first balls and opponents can no longer jump all over the second, which has more depth and pace. "His serve isn't really grooved yet," says Sammy Sr., "but he knows what to do if it goes off."

But when all is said and done, Giammalva's success stems mainly from never, never giving up. "Guts-ting it out," he calls it. During last year's Wimbledon Juniors he had to play twice in one day. In the second match, he cramped up and had to serve underhanded. He won any-

or so afterward he was feeling fine again."

The elder Giammalva admits he's surprised his son has developed so fast, but he thinks the future will be even better. "He will continue learning, just the way Borg has continued to learn, because Sammy is a great worker," he says. "He'll get the most out of his ability. Before River Oaks, one of the top players predicted that Sammy would be in the world's top five within 18 months. The main thing he's got going for him is that he wants it so bad."

No question about that. "I used to have idols," says Sammy, possibly thinking of World Class and a teen-ager named Christopher. "But I can't afford to have them now. If I want to get to where I want to, I can't afford to be satisfied. I have to keep working. I've always wanted to be No. 1."

END

A 33-foot Chris-Craft named *Most Happy Fella* heads slowly up the crowded Intracoastal Waterway between Fort Lauderdale and Pompano Beach. A Goodyear blimp hovers over a skyline featuring high-rise hotels; the shores

are thick with bars, condominiums and ranch houses; cabin cruisers, sailboats and speedboats throng the water. Seated on the flying bridge with his 9-year-old grandson, Ronnie Jr., is Stanley Dancer, steering wheel in one hand, a rum

BACK IN THE DRIVER'S



and Coke in the other. He is wearing a yellow bathing suit and purple cap, the latter a gift from one of the owners of the Minnesota Vikings. Sunglasses protect his eyes from the sun's glare, but even so, Dancer, 53, projects intensity.

Dancer emerged as one of harness racing's first modern driving stars in the early '50s and, over the years, became one of its wealthiest. As of the beginning of this month, he had won 3,473 races and nearly \$22 million in — *continued*

SEAT AGAIN

The great harness horseman, Stanley Dancer, has had his ups and downs. Now he has a barnful of burners ready to go for the classic races — *by SANDY TREADWELL*



purses. He was the first driver to win \$1 million in a single season (1964) and the trainer-driver of America's first standardbred millionaire (Cardigan Bay, 1968). He is the only trainer-driver to produce three Triple Crown winners: the trotters Nevele Pride (1968) and Super Bowl (1972) and the pacer Most Happy Fella (1970). And as the 1981 season warms up, Dancer may be the keeper of the most remarkable set of standardbreds ever assembled in one racing stable: the pacer French Chef and the trotters

one," Dancer says. "I couldn't stand to wait for the bridges. I don't have any patience. I like going to shows in Las Vegas—sometimes I'll see three shows a night there—but I won't go unless I have reservations. I hate standing in line. I wouldn't even stand in line to see Engelbert Humperdinck, my favorite Vegas singer."

Ronnie Jr. entertains himself by throwing Planters Cheez Balls off the boat. A flock of sea gulls and one pelican assemble behind *Most Happy Fella*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



Dick Baker, who joined Stanley his first driving suit, visits Dancer's sprit-and-polish Pompano stable

Smokin Yankee, Panty Raid and Filet of Sole. They are all 3-year-olds; all set world records as 2-year-olds.

"They were as good a bunch of 2-year-olds as I've seen any one man have in the 50 years I've been around," says trainer-driver Joe O'Brien. Down the track this year are stakes races worth \$8.4 million. Says Billy Houghton, Dancer's longtime rival and off-track friend, "French Chef looks like he's the best pacer around. He may be another Nutcracker. If Smokin Yankee regains his early form of last year, he'll be great, too. On top of them, Stanley has these two great fillies. He may dominate the entire picture this year."

Most Happy Fella glides under a drawbridge, passing two bigger yachts that must wait for the bridge to be raised. "I'll never get a bigger boat than this

picking the food off the water." Even when I'm at a show I think about horses," says Dancer, ignoring the flight of another Cheez Ball. "I even dream about them; I really do. The only time I get my mind off horses is when I'm flying my plane on instruments."

For years, Dancer had feared flying. He once became alarmed aboard a commercial jet when he saw what he took to be flames coming from one of the plane's engines. Ignoring the reassurances of a stewardess, Dancer demanded an explanation from the pilot, who, recognizing him, said, "How can a man who races behind horses on a tiny sulky seat be afraid of something like this?" Worse still was his ride in a single-engine private plane that took off from a muddy runway in Pennington, N.J., one day in 1965, climbed to 200 feet, stalled and dived prop first to the ground. The impact of

the crash knocked out both the pilot and his passenger. "Not my wife in the back of the plane, though. She got us out of there," says Dancer. "It's a miracle that the plane didn't explode." After that he decided he wouldn't leave the driving solely to others. Dancer qualified for a pilot's license in 1972, and now cruises the skies in a Beechcraft Baron E55.

So far Dancer has not wrecked his boat, which is fortunate, because he can't swim. Two years ago he headed *Most Happy Fella* for his dock during a thunderstorm and was alongside when the batteries went dead. The cruiser began to drift, and its captain abandoned ship, scrambling up a seawall to safety. He stood on the lawn of his home and watched all six tons of *Most Happy Fella* float off down the canal. Some of the neighbors, working on another boat, lassoed it.

"I could write a book about the crises I've been through on that boat," says Norman Woolworth, a frequent passenger. Woolworth is owner or co-owner of 23 of the 32 horses Dancer now has in training, including all four of the fine 3-year-olds. "Something is always going wrong. As a boat driver, Stanley does fine as long as he's in sight of land. But if he ever ran into fog, there's no telling where he'd wind up—probably in the Bermuda Triangle."

Dancer docks *Most Happy Fella* without incident. Ronnie runs off, headed for a friend's house. "I'm spoiling that boy," Dancer says. "I must have bought him five bicycles already. When he was born I put \$10,000 in a trust fund so he'll be able to buy any kind of car he likes when he's 18. I did the same for my other grandchildren, because I remembered how much I wanted a new car when I was a kid."

These days Dancer can afford to buy his five grandchildren (he has two sons and two daughters) almost anything on land or sea. He owns shares in 13 standardbred stallions, including four great sires: Albatross, Nevele Pride, *Most Happy Fella* and Super Bowl. In all, Dancer owns 39 annual breedings to them. This year alone, the sales of his unused breedings will bring him an income upwards of \$400,000. He estimates his total worth at "less than \$20 million, but more than 10. I have done pretty well for an eighth-grade dropout," he says.

Dancer spent his childhood in the farmland of south central New Jersey.

continued

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Taste.

He was the fifth and youngest son of James Dancer, a potato grower whose crops often failed. "We moved every year," says Stanley. "My father could never make the rent, so we kept getting pushed off our farms. I grew up hating the idea of owing money. Everything I've ever owned—my planes, boats, houses—I've paid for with cash."

Young Stanley also disliked the idea of going to school, and he played hooky frequently and ardently. He preferred staying at home, helping his father milk the cows and plow the fields behind a team of horses. James Dancer enjoyed hitching horse to cart and engaging in informal match races on country roads. Three of his sons, Harold, Vernon and Stanley, eventually became successful trainer-drivers. Stanley first rode on a sulky at age five. Harold, 15 years his senior, frequently took him to watch harness races at local fairs. When Stanley was 12 years old, he and Harold traveled to Goshen, N.Y., to see the Hambletonian, the sport's premiere race. Stanley was dazzled.

Dancer graduated from The Clarksburg School in 1942, when he was 15 years old, receiving his eighth-grade diploma on the condition that he not return to try high school. "I was a terrible student," he says. "They were glad to get rid of me. A few years ago a woman came up to me and gave me a framed copy of my class picture. She told me that she had been one of my teachers. She was prouder of me than I was of her. She was drunk."

Graduation day turned into a tragic one for the family. "My brother Thomas went to a party and never came back," Dancer says. "Late that night we learned that he had drowned in the Delaware River. I was never crazy about water in the first place, but for years after that I stayed as far away from it as I could."

Dancer secures *Most Happy Fella* and walks past his swimming pool and into his four-bedroom, white-stucco house. (Back home in New Egypt, N.J., he has a 136-acre spread that includes a private training track.) "I could retire anytime I want," he says, "but when would I do, play golf? Training and driving horses is all the hobby I need. It's all I ever knew about or cared about."

"Right now is just like spring training; I'm getting the horses ready. My goal this year is to have Norman Woodworth

win the Triple Crowns at both trotting and pacing. A little luck should do it. French Chef and Smokin' Yankee just have to stay healthy and sound. So do I. When you have horses like these, it's easy to forget the aches and pains. At the end of each day, I can't wait for my next ride behind them."

In the summer of 1973 Dancer contemplated dying because he believed his career had ended. The muscles in his right arm had atrophied, and a numbness in it had become more pronounced—the aftereffects of being trampled in a five-horse crash at Yonkers Raceway in 1955. Before a race at Saratoga 18 years later, he discovered that he couldn't hold the reins. He tried acupuncture without success, and in September 1973 finally agreed to undergo disk surgery in his neck. Four days later he suffered a severe heart attack and was placed on the critical list. While he was recuperating, he was told there was little chance he would be able to drive again, and Dancer became despondent. For a while he was unable to use his arm. "I couldn't button my shirt or even hold a pen," he says. "I began having bad thoughts. I couldn't face the idea of never training or racing." The arm finally responded to therapy, and Dancer returned to his winter training center in Pompano Beach in January 1974 and resumed his career.

The morning after the boat ride with his grandson, Dancer sits on his particular bench alongside the mile training track at Pompano Park. He taps his whip against a post and awaits his favorite horse. At precisely nine o'clock, groom Keith Miller appears with Smokin' Yankee. Dancer settles himself onto the sulky

and calls out gently, "Come on, boy."

Smokin' Yankee won 11 of his first 13 stakes races and \$149,605, but then the colt went dull. All last winter he had a cough and veterinarians could find nothing wrong, no explanation, other than his name, for his smoker's hack. At Pompano Park they eventually discovered that one of his vocal cords was paralyzed. The membrane protruded into the larynx, sealing off a portion of his throat. The horse was shipped to the New Bolton Center in Pennsylvania, an equine Mayo Clinic, and the air passage was cleared. When he returned to Miller's care six weeks later, Smokin' Yankee was 75 pounds underweight and, Miller said, "For the first time since I've known him, he didn't feel like playing."

"Here he comes," says Miller. The horse moves along the rail, sweat making his bay coat shine, his knees pumping high in a perfect gait. Dancer's enjoyment is as obvious as the colt's new fitness. He is singing a Hamperdick hit to the horse. "Please release me," he sings, "let me goooooo,"

Afterward, Dancer says, "He could be super great. As great as Nevele Pride." Dancer is whistling now, a habit that relaxes him. "I know one driver who always chews a toothpick," he says. "I don't know why he doesn't swallow it. Whistling is safer." Another Dancer quirk is his sometimes ludicrous reliance on the automobile. Although his stable is just 400 yards from the training track, Dancer always drives the distance. He simply refuses, whenever possible, to walk. "It's worse at home in New Egypt," says Ronnie Dancer, 31, his oldest son and assistant trainer. "He drives from his house to his office every day, a trip of 20 yards." Dancer parks his *continued*



Dancer's one-two punch: Stanley and pacer French Chef (left). Roving behind trotter Smokin' Yankee

Buck next to a gold winning with blue trim. The color scheme is repeated on the director's chairs that line the path to his barn and on the equipment trunks outside every stall.

After his 16th birthday, Stanley was allowed to leave home, despite his moth-

er's objections. "She was a devout Baptist," he says. "She believed that race-tracks were sinful, and she cried when I took off." He went to Jersey's Freehold Raceway and found a job as a groom. Two years later he paid \$150 on his first racehorse, a 4-year-old pacer named Starling's Girl. The only hitch in his debut as an owner was the last-minute disappearance of the horse's driver. Dancer sought advice from Dick Baker, a longtime family friend and a trainer at Freehold. "Why don't you drive him?" said Baker. Dancer invested another \$2 in a license, borrowed a driving suit from Baker and drove Starling's Girl to defeat in their first two heats. He then bought a driving suit of his own, selecting gold and blue because those were the colors of the only suit on the rack that fit him.

In 1947 Dancer married Rachel Young, whom he met at a roller rink in Trenton, N.J. The couple moved into a trailer back home on the family farm in New Egypt. They decided to invest Rachel's \$250 savings in Candor, a lame gelding, rather than Rachel's college education. The Dancers spent their winter evenings treating Candor's pulled ligament and bowed tendon. That spring, Candor won his first two-heat

race at Delaware's Harrington Raceway.

One year later, in 1949, Dancer's stable consisted of Candor and 11 other horses. He wrote officials at Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island, requesting stall space, and arrived at the track to discover that the letter had been lost and that the stables were filled. The track finally gave him makeshift stalls in some old airplane hangars nearby, and two weeks to prove himself before he and his horses would be evicted. Two weeks were too long. Dancer won 12 of his first 15 races. In doing so, he altered the style of half-mile track racing.

Before Dancer's arrival at Roosevelt, racing there had followed the mile-track pattern. At the start each horse would be taken to the rail, and the field would travel Indian file until the final quarter, when there would be a rush to the finish. Dancer decided he could win races by dashing to the front early, getting a huge lead on the competition, and driving hard all the way home ("I hate standing in line"). Veteran drivers at Roosevelt first watched Dancer with amusement, expecting him to destroy his horses, and then with alarm. Eventually they realized that they would have to emulate him.

In 1950 Dancer became the leading driver at Roosevelt and at a brand-new track called Yonkers Raceway, just north of New York City. During the next two decades, Dancer and his celebrated rival, Haughton, dominated the two tracks. Dancer retired Candor after a three-year career and \$13,478 in winnings. He also hired Dick Baker as his assistant trainer, an association that continued until 1969.

Baker is 77 now and semiretired. On this morning he is enjoying the sun and unobtrusively hanging around Dancer's Pongpung stable, a spin-and-polish place. Dancer nods to Baker and then enters his office, a small room hung with pictures of Candor, his four Hambletonian winners (Egyptian Candor, Nevele Pride, Super Bowl and Honedfish) and, above his desk, last year's 2-year-old champions. On the desk is a huge loose-leaf book containing the daily training schedules of each of his horses dating back to 1960. Dancer places the day's training sheet in the book, and then sorts through a pile of monthly lab reports analyzing the blood of each horse in the barn.

On the bulletin board outside the office is a mimeographed sheet, a communiqué to his employees listing 14 commandments. (No. 1: "Everyone is to be

continued



Dancer's delights: his wife, Rachel, and cruiser at Fort Lauderdale; grandson Ronnie Jr., 8, and his miniature golf course at New Egypt, N.J.



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at work no later than 6:30 a.m.") Beneath them are the words "These are my orders."

"My father operates this place like we're all in the Army," says Ronnie Dancer. "He demands precise schedules and spotless appearance. At the end of the day the equipment trunks and sulkeys are even arranged in gig lines."

"He's a perfectionist, a man of tremendous discipline. He was scared of airplanes, so he taught himself to fly. He was afraid of the water, so he forced himself to enjoy boating. He won't accept any failure in himself, and he doesn't tolerate anything less than the best from the rest of us. It all fits, doesn't it?"

"Rachel tells me that he'll get up in the middle of the night and go over and over a race," says Woolworth. "He'll have it all figured out—who'll be where, all the possibilities. He's ready for almost anything. Except disappointment. Disappointment just destroys him."

Few races have been more crushing to Dancer than last year's Woodrow Wilson Pace for 2-year-olds at the Meadowlands, the world's richest horse race, offering a \$2 million purse. French Chef was favored to win, but almost immediately, one of the colt's legs hit a sticky wheel and he broke gait. Dancer took him outside, got him back on gait, passed several horses and took the lead. But in the last quarter mile, he tired and failed to qualify, finishing in fifth place. Dancer looked shocked, embarrassed and humiliated, all at the same time. Then he did something that startled those who didn't know him. He began whistling.

At about this time last year, Dancer had placed French Chef near the bottom of his talent list. The colt was a trotter by inclination and was slow to learn the pacing gait. But he improved every time he was worked. Dancer shipped French Chef off to his juvenile season believing he was "a pretty good horse." But Dancer quickly learned that French Chef was capable of producing three separate bursts of speed during a mile. He won his first 10 races before the Woodrow Wilson and, following it, raced 12 times and lost only once. During one three-week period, French Chef set 2-year-old

world records on tracks measuring a mile (1:54), a half mile (1:57½) and five-eighths of a mile (1:56½).

Meanwhile, Dancer had Smokin Yankee, his trotter, racing to 13 victories in 20 starts, including a world record on a five-eighths-mile track (2:00½). Then there were the two fillies, Panty Raid and Fillet of Sole, both of which tied Impish's 19-year-old mile-track record (1:58½).

"Last year was very satisfying for my father," says Ronnie. "People had kind of written him off. Our sport is like any other. If you don't win big, you're finished."

Dancer's last Hambletonian winner had been Bonefish in 1975, his last Horse of the Year Keystone Ore in 1976. Since then Dancer hasn't won a single Triple Crown event at either gait. There were rumors that he was in poor health. Perhaps his body was, at last, wearing down.

His driving ability was also questioned by both horsemen and spectators. Dancer was too eager to go to the front, it was said; too proud to rate his horses; too concerned about his image as one of the sport's elder statesmen. There was talk that his hands had lost their touch. "I'd hear people saying, 'Don't bet on Dancer, he doesn't have it anymore,'" says Woolworth. "The problem wasn't with Stanley; it was with the owners. We weren't giving him good horses. Now he has them again. All that talk has gone away."

Dancer checks his watch. It's time for a publicity photo. He puts the blood re-

ports aside and leaves his office. He leads French Chef from his stall and out to a grass runway where a small group has assembled: Allen Finkelson, the P.R. director of Pompano Park, track photographer Dan Gawias and Jean-Pierre Bolline, head chef at The French Place restaurant in Pompano Beach. Finkelson's idea is to pose a French chef with French Chef. Typically, Dancer has agreed to the gimmick. "The sport has done so much for me, I have always done everything I'm asked to do to help promote it," he says.

He has also suffered a good deal of embarrassment in the spotlight's glare. Stanley Dancer once sat for photographers in Mamma Leone's restaurant in New York while Jayne Mansfield giggled on his lap. He terrified Pearl Bailey when he led Curdagan Bay onstage during *The Ed Sullivan Show*. He taught Mike Douglas and actor Martin Landau how to drive sulkeys at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park, and then watched them tear off out of control in different directions. During a 1968 state dinner at the White House, he asked Arthur Ashe what he planned to do after college.

Now Dancer places an outsized touque over French Chef's ears. The horse stands quietly next to Bolline for a moment, eyeing his human counterpart. Then the horse attempts to bite Bolline on the neck. The pictures are taken quickly. "I think the horse would like to cook me," says Bolline.

The following evening, Stanley and Rachel Dancer arrive at the Parker Playhouse in Fort Lauderdale and take their

seats in the center of the second row. He has "pulled strings" to get tickets. Rachel is excited as are most members of the audience, who are there to see Elizabeth Taylor in *The Little Foxes*, her first major stage role. Dancer awaits the curtain patiently, but he is thinking to himself that he would rather be over at the Royal Admiral Hotel listening to Danny and the Tunemen, a group, he says, that has been playing pre-rock music for 35 years. The house-lights dim. Dancer rests his head against his hand as the curtain is raised. Soon he is sound asleep and dreaming about his horses.



A classic close-coupled pacer, French Chef won 21 of 23 races at 2



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Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner



The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

Richie Zisk sat in the Seattle Mariners' dugout last week—Wednesday, to be precise—looking like a man who had discovered the proverbial sunny side of the street. Proverbial is the key word here—he was sitting in the Kingdome, one of the few stadiums in which the sun never shines. Besides, it is a well-known fact that there are no sunny sides of Seattle streets. But Zisk looked pleased. “Tricked pink” was the way he put it. And why not? Here was one of baseball's most consistent hitters, a man in the fourth year of a 10-year contract that pays him approximately \$100,000 a year, off to the best start of his career. He was in the top five in the American League in home runs (seven), hits (40), batting average (.345), total bases (68), and slugging percentage (.586). All this from a man who ordinarily doesn't tickle pink until the hot weather arrives. What's more, his wife and three children love Seattle. Zisk loves the cozy dimensions of the Kingdome, and after the dry,

welcoming summers of Arlington, where Zisk was a Texas Ranger the past three years, the interminable drizzle of the Pacific Northwest is perfectly fine with all of them. “The first thing I did was buy myself a raincoat,” said Zisk. “Umbrellas don't work here, because they blow upside out. But if one month in Seattle is any indication—and it may not be—I'm going to be really happy here.”

His happiness will be tested, though. The Mariners had a 59-103 record last year, the worst in baseball. This season they started out by losing 18 of their first 24 games, the worst start in the league, and the worst in the Mariners' five-year history. That very morning Seattle Manager Maury Wills had been fired, a move that in itself was enough to make Zisk beam. Wills was replaced by Rene (Lutch) Lachemann, formerly of the Mariners' Triple A farm team in Spokane. At the age of 36 years, two weeks he is the youngest manager in the majors. It was a popular choice, and the young Mar-

iners responded with four straight wins over Milwaukee and the Yankees, including a 12-1 drubbing of the Brewers in Lachemann's debut, which brought out the champagne. “It was depressing around here,” Zisk said of the Wills regime. “A change was definitely needed. Now there's finally some electricity and enthusiasm.”

Under Wills there was mostly confusion. Few players—Zisk was a notable exception—knew where they stood. Wills repeatedly told everyone that young Dave Edler was his third baseman, but in the 24 games Wills managed this year, Edler started only nine. Five different Mariners played shortstop over that span, and in those 24 games Wills used 21 different batting orders. His entire theory of managing seemed to be summed up by a sign taped to the wall in his office: GRANT ME PATIENCE, LORD, AND I WANT IT RIGHT NOW.

It wasn't so funny. In an early game against California, the Mariners trailed 6-3 with the bases loaded in the seventh. Zisk, the team's hottest hitter, was on second, and Wills sent Relief Pitcher Bryan Clark in to run for him. “First of all,” says Zisk, “I wasn't the tying or winning run. And he had said he would never use a pitcher as a pinch runner anyway. And Clark was our only left-handed reliever.” As it turned out, Clark didn't score, and when Zisk's place in the batting order came up again in the ninth his replacement struck out. The Mariners lost, 7-4.

As the losses mounted, Wills began to act like a desperate man. Early on the morning of April 19, with a doubleheader beginning at 12:30, he angered many of

At home in the dome



Designated Hitter Richie Zisk zaps 'em in the cozy confines of Seattle's ball park

his players with a 1.30 a.m. bedcheck—a move he had vowed never to resort to without first warning the players—rousing them from their sleep to answer his calls. A week later against Oakland he ordered the Mariners' groundskeeper to illegally lengthen the batter's box—that cost Wills a \$500 fine and a two-game suspension. Early in the season, Seattle was getting hitting but no pitching. Then the pitching came and the hitting went pffft. “The only thing we led baseball in was team meetings,” says Zisk. “It was a joke with the rest of the clubs. Meeting after meeting. Like the kid who gets a chocolate sundae every day, after a while they sort of lose their effect.”

The only consistent thing about the Mariners the first month was Zisk's bat.

continued

Seattle had acquired him and Atlanta's Jeff Burroughs in the off-season to get righthanded power. Playing as the DH, Zisk hit safely in 23 of the team's first 26 games and during one stretch had five homers in five games, one shy of tying the American League record. "I would have loved to break the record," Zisk says, "but what pleased me most was that even though I failed, in the sixth game I still got three hits. Some hitters can get homer-happy. I've just been trying to hit the ball hard."

Zisk gives much of the credit for his fine start to Seattle's hitting instructor, Tommy Davis, the two-time National League batting champion who finished his career as a DH in the American League. "I'm not quite ready to put him on a pedestal yet," says Zisk. "But when he talks, hitting people should listen."

Teacher and pupil have much in common. Both were born in Brooklyn and became big, slow-footed righthanded line-drive hitters with good lifetime batting averages (Davis: .294; Zisk: .289). Davis won batting titles in '62 and '63, but in '65 he broke his ankle, an injury that hobbled him the remaining 11 years of his career. Zisk, who is 32 and weighs 215 pounds, has had five different knee operations. He blames them on a condition he calls "internal tibia rotation." He is so determined that his children not grow up pigeon-toed, as he is, that he has taken to sewing their pajama heels together so that they will sleep without turning their toes in. "They hop to the bathroom and think it's all pretty neat," he says.

Davis and Zisk have concentrated on increasing his hits, not his home runs. "If he gets 180 hits, he'll get his 25 home runs," says Davis. "It's automatic because of the way he's built. He has a short, quick swing, and one of my theories is to get the bat to the hitting area as quickly as possible."

Says Zisk, "We've talked a lot about saying within myself, not trying to hit the six-run homer. I got into some bad habits in Texas, where the wind blew in from right center. I started trying to pull the ball too much, which isn't my natural style at all. It's been fun to rediscover the things I can do with a bat."

For Texas, Zisk hit .262 twice and .290 last year, averaging 20 homers and 75 RBIs. They were good stats, but coming after his vintage 1977 season with the Chicago White Sox (30 homers, 101

RBIs, .290), they were disappointing. When he signed his 10-year contract with Texas it was the second most lucrative in baseball history. The Rangers billed him as the righthanded power hitter who would bring them the pennant, but they never came close. "One man can't win a pennant," Zisk says now. "A lot was expected of me, but we didn't put it together as a team."

When he first learned about the Seattle offer, Zisk exercised his contract's no-trade clause and missed it. He slept on the matter, however, and talked it over with his wife, and together they decided a change would be for the best. The prospect of moving back north and playing in the Kingdome, in which more homers have been hit in the last two years than in any other stadium, was too tempting to resist. The foul lines in the Kingdome measure 316 feet, and the power alleys are only 357, and for some unknown reason the ball simply carries well there. "It's the first park I've played in where the dimensions are reasonable," says Zisk, who remembers only too well the centerfield wall in Chicago, which is 445 feet from home and 18 feet high. He is one of only four men ever to hit a ball out in dead center.

"I'm very proud of the fact that none of my seven home runs have been Dometests—one that pops into the first row. But after the parks I've played in, I'm looking forward to my first one."

Then he smiles, tickled—yes—pink at a memory. "You know, my first at bat this year was an infield single," he says. "I knew right then it was going to be a very good year."

THE WEEK

(May 4-10)

by STEVE WOLF

NL WEST "Have you guys met Fernando Knepper?" Joe Nickro asked his Houston teammates when the lefthanded Knepper, whose real name is Bob, came into the clubhouse after stopping the Cubs 6-0 for his third shutout in five starts. Knepper, whose 1.00 ERA is second only to Fernando Valenzuela's, has been the best pitcher on the best staff in the league. So how come the defending division champs are 12-16 and nestled in fifth place? Well, the Astros (4-3) also lead the NL in men left on base—217. In the first 13 games of a 14-

game road trip, they stranded 117 runners. The team batting average is a wan .233. When two other belligerent computer technicians boarded the team bus in Chicago and plopped down in the seats reserved for Manager Bill Virdon, Pitcher Nolan Ryan observed, "Looks like we're beeping up our offense." The two technicians, who were supposed to get on a bus bound for the McCormick Place Convention Center, not Wrigley Field, refused to leave. They just couldn't believe that these were the Houston Astros. A lot of people can't believe that these are the Houston Astros.

While the other Fernando continued to defy belief (page 22), the Dodgers (4-3) sat comfortably atop the division. But Houston pitched a five-hitter and Jerry Reuss a six-hitter to precede Valenzuela's seven-hitter. Pedro Guerrero hit three home runs, two of them in a 7-4 loss to the Mets, and Ron Cey homered twice.

A spot finally opened up in the Cincinnati lineup for part-time Catcher Johnny Bench when First Baseman Dan Driessen was sidelined with a sore hand. In his initial six games at first for the Reds (3-3), Bench fielded flawlessly, beat the Pirates 9-8 with a bases-loaded single in the ninth and hit his 35th career home run in a 9-5 win over Houston. That homer tied Bench with Yogi Berra for 29th on the all-time list. With Bench at first, the Reds' other two catchers, Joe Nolan and Mike O'Berry, batted .316 for the week. Tom Seaver hit a home run while pitching his 54th career shutout, a 6-0 defeat of Houston, and lowering his ERA to 2.08.

Bill North of the Giants (5-3) beat Montreal with speed on Friday, sealing three bases in a 4-3 win, and with unaccustomed power on Saturday, driving in six runs with a two-run double and his first major league grand slam in an 8-2 victory.

The Braves (4-2) won three straight and occupied second place. St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog, formerly the K.C. skipper, perhaps recalling Chris Chambliss' pennant-winning homer in the 1976 playoffs, ordered Chambliss walked twice, only to have the man behind him in the lineup, Bob Horner, drive in three runs in Atlanta's 9-6 win. Two days later, Herzog changed his strategy, and Chambliss drove in five runs in a 10-2 victory which gave Gaylord Perry his 292nd career win.

The Padres (2-4) scored 38 runs, but many of them were wasted in a 13-5 defeat of the Expos. In that game, Broderick Perkins, who began playing regularly on April 28, drove in five runs with a double, a triple and a home run. At week's end, Perkins was leading the league in hitting at .400. The other good news for the Padres was that their 17-game road trip, the longest in the majors this season, was over. On it the Padres had lost 12 games.

LA 20-9 ATL 15-13 CIN 14-13
SF 16-17 HOUS 12-16 SD 10-20

continued

A pair of Wolverine boots and shoes are displayed in a rugged, outdoor setting. The boots are a vibrant red color with yellow laces and a yellow interior lining. The shoes are a matching red color with yellow laces. In the background, a large, dark, textured rock formation is visible. A small, light-colored animal, possibly a dog or a cat, is perched on the rock formation in the upper left corner.

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BASEBALL continued

NL EAST He entered the game with an 0-1 record and a 7.36 ERA, and he left it with the singular distinction of being the only pitcher born in France to throw a major league no-hitter. Charlie Lea, born in Orleans to a U.S. Navy family stationed in France, now a spot starter for the Expos (4-4), faced only 29 Giants in the 4-0 victory. His was the first no-hitter in the majors since Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers pitched one against the very same Giants last June 27. "I don't think I ever got nervous," said Lea. "I wanted to do it from as early as the third inning on." Contrary to baseball etiquette, Lea and his teammates talked freely of the no-hitter throughout the game. "Everybody in the ball park knew, so there was no need to keep quiet," he said. The crowd of 25,343 in Montreal's Olympic Stadium was on its feet for the last three outs. After Enos Cabell hit a soft fly to Andre Dawson in center, the fans chanted, "Charlie, Charlie," and when Lea walked down the ramp to the clubhouse, he trod on a carpet of white towels that led to his locker.

The Expos needed that kind of performance last week as their Nos. 3 through 7 batters stopped hitting. But at the top of the order, Tim Lincecum continued to run at will, and now has 28 stolen bases in 27 games. "He's the most awesome base stealer I've ever seen," says San Francisco's Joe Morgan. "I saw Lou Brock in his prime. I saw Maury Wills in his prime. I was Joe Morgan at his prime. I don't think they can stop him."

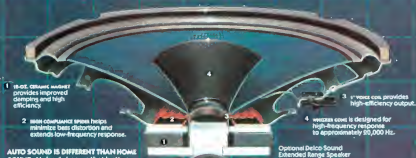
Having been shackled on successive nights by Atlanta's two 42-year-old pitchers, Gaylord Perry and Phil Niekro, the St. Louis Cardinals (3-4) sent their own 42-year-old, Jim Kaat, out to protect a 5-4 lead in the sixth inning against the free-swinging Pirates. Kaat allowed only one hit in 3½ innings to save Bob Shirley's fourth victory without a loss. Rookie right-hander Andy Rincon drove in three runs and pitched the Cards to a 13-0 victory over Pittsburgh. But the next day it was revealed that his right arm had been broken when he was hit by a batted ball in the seventh inning. He will miss at least five weeks.

The Phillies (4-3) kept pace with the first-place Cards, thanks in large part to Steve Carlton, who ran his record to 6-0 by pitching complete games at beating San Francisco and San Diego. Carlton also tripled in both games. Forty-year-old Pete Rose had 12 hits in 28 at bats to pass Henry Aaron and move to within 22 of Stan Musial's league record.

The Cubs (2-4) could boast of a number of firsts last week. In beating Atlanta 7-3 on Saturday, they won their first road game of the year. It was also the first 1981 victory for Rick Reuschel, the ace of the staff. When Henry Cruz of Chicago and Jose Cruz of Houston homered in the same game, it is believed to have marked the first time that brothers have accomplished this since Sept. 14, 1974, when Graig Nettles of the Yankees and Jim

continued

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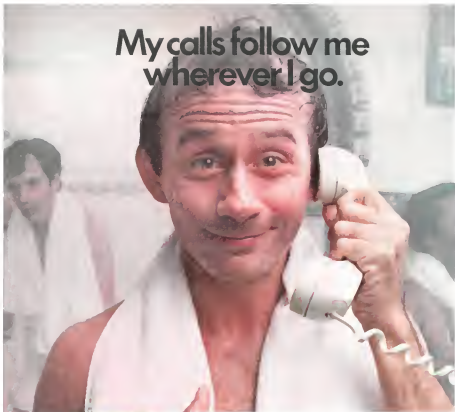
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IT'S FOR YOU

Nipples of the Tigers hit fraternal twins.

Injuries continued to plague the Pirates (3-3). Pitcher Rick Rhoden missed a start with a sore elbow, and Third Baseman Bill Madlock was sidelined with a pulled muscle in his rib cage. John Candelaria pitched six shutout innings in an 8-2 win over the Cards, but had to leave because of a pulled muscle in his shoulder. The hobbled Dave Parker can still hit in that victory, he singled twice, doubled and homered.

The Curse of the Mets' Third Basemen was visited upon Hubie Brooks, who made three errors in the fourth inning to tie a league record and help the Dodgers beat New York 12-4 by a 5-4 score. Mike Scott's luck was even worse. He chose the wrong night to pitch the game of his life—Fernando Valenzuela was going for L.A.

ST.L 15-7 PHE. 18-10 MONT 17-10
PIT 11-11 NY 8-16 CH 5-19

AL WEST The Seattle Mariners tried a novel promotional gimmick Saturday night—winning. Of course, it was Bat Night, and the San Diego Chicken was there, and so were the New York

Yankees. But what delighted the 51,903 fans in the Kingdome most was Tim Lincecum's second straight game-winning ninth-inning homer, a three-run, two-out shot off Ron Davis. It gave the Mariners (4-3) a 6-5 victory over the Yankees and their fourth win in a row under new Manager Rene Lachemann. The fans called Pacorek out of the dugout four times. The night before, he had hit his gamer off Rudy May for a 3-2 win. Lachemann was a Dodger bat boy in 1959-62 when his predecessor, Maury Wills, was a player. The first thing the new boss did was send Mike Parrott out to start, and Parrott beat Milwaukee, 12-1 to end a personal 18-game losing streak, one defeat shy of the AL mark. Floyd Bannister and rookie Bryan Clark followed with complete-game victories as the Mariners moved out of last place. By the end of the week, Wills was home shooting hoops.

The team the Mariners passed on their way to sixth was none other than the Royals (1-4), whom you may recall as having represented the league in the '90 World Series. "We can't keep saying that we're going to be O.K. later on," said Designated Hitter Hal McRae. "We've got to start doing it now. Otherwise we're going to be getting ready for spring

training." When Kansas City lost to Chicago Friday night, it marked the first time since June 4, 1972 that the team fell eight games below .500. The next night, the Royals made it nine below in losing 3-0 to the White Sox. The only bright spot in the week came when Larry Gura beat the Red Sox 2-1 in their third straight complete-game victory. Gura credits karate for his 1.88 ERA, though his teammates seem to be into passive resistance: not the martial arts. Opposing runners had stolen 15 bases before Catcher Jerry Grote finally threw one out. The ace reliever, Dan Quisenberry, has an ERA of 5.73, only one save, and he's given up 20 hits in 11½ innings.

Jim Ewens was given a vote of confidence—heh, heh—by the Angels' front office after the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN) had already reported his firing. "I think I'll get to the park early Friday and see if my uniform is still there," Fregoso bravely joked. California (4-3) split a four-game series with the Yankees as Don Aase, the only pitcher on the staff with a lifetime record over .500 (15-33), got two saves. "What they need," said Fregoso's good friend, Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, "is for those hitters to come alive." No sooner said

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 rear drum brakes •
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 volume (with seat
 seat down) • Radiol
 tires

DODGE ARIES K WAGON
PLYMOUTH RELIANT K WAGON

EST. MSRP*	EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†	MSRP FROM EQUIPMENT COMBINATION
40	24	9	FRONT	\$6,854	
30	23	8	REAR	\$7,952	-\$1,098
28	20	4	REAR	\$7,030	-\$1,776
30	21	6	REAR	\$7,725	-\$1,671
37	23	5	REAR	\$7,095	-\$1,245
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DODGE ARIES K SEDAN
PLYMOUTH RELIANT K SEDAN



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 rear drum brakes • Color
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DODGE ARIES K SEDAN
PLYMOUTH RELIANT K SEDAN

EST. MSRP*	EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†	MSRP FROM EQUIPMENT COMBINATION
41	25	8	FRONT	\$6,131	
35	23	5	FRONT	\$6,523	-\$362
34	22	5.6	REAR	\$6,210	-\$519
35	22	5	FRONT	\$6,702	-\$81
30	21	6	REAR	\$7,833	-\$1,732
35	23	5	FRONT	\$6,894	-\$83

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EST. MSRP*	EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†	MSRP FROM EQUIPMENT COMBINATION
41	25	8	FRONT	\$5,995	
35	23	5	FRONT	\$6,386	-\$391
35	23	5	FRONT	\$6,598	-\$603
35	23	5	FRONT	\$6,844	-\$849
34	23	5.6	REAR	\$6,091	-\$96
35	23	5	FRONT	\$6,536	-\$541

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PLYMOUTH TC3 MISO

EST. MSRP*	EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†	MSRP FROM EQUIPMENT COMBINATION
50	30	5	FRONT	\$5,499	
36	28	4	REAR	\$7,180	-\$2,090
34	23	4	REAR	\$6,366	-\$1,367
46	23	2	FRONT	\$7,253	-\$1,754
42	28	4	FRONT	\$6,310	-\$1,811
39	28	4	REAR	\$5,095	-\$1,189

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DODGE OMNI MISO
PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISO

EST. MSRP*	EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†	MSRP FROM EQUIPMENT COMBINATION
50	30	5	FRONT	\$5,499	
42	28	4	FRONT	\$5,729	-\$236
42	28	4	FRONT	\$6,525	-\$1,021
39	28	4	REAR	\$5,896	-\$509
35	28	4	FRONT	\$5,795	-\$296
34	28	4	FRONT	\$5,499	-\$1,000

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BASEBALL (continued)

than the Angels went out and pounded Anderson's Tigers 15-1 with Bobby Grich, Bobby Clark, Brian Downing and Don Baylor combining for 12 RBIs.

As if they needed more help, the Oakland A's 14-21 got offensive reinforcements. In a 5-3 win over Detroit, Mitchell Page, batting 100 at the time, and Jeff Newman, hitting 122, both homered. Earlier in the week Wayne Gross raised his average 45 points to .208 with two doubles, a single and a homer in a 6-2 defeat of the Tigers. Tony Armas hit his ninth home run and Dwayne Murphy his fifth and sixth. Mike Norris finally lost after six wins.

The Rangers (4-21) and the White Sox (2-11) tried to stay within hailing distance of Oakland. Texas swept three from Chicago, but then dropped a doubleheader to the Orioles. Cliff Lemon, Tony Bernazard and Jim Morrison all turned in spectacular fielding plays in a 9-5 win over the Royals, and then Rich and Denson beat KC 3-0 for his second straight shutout. The Twins (1-5) lost three straight one-run games to the Orioles, the last defeat coming when they botched a rundown play in the ninth inning.

OKA 24-7 TEX 15-11 CH 14-11 CAL 15-16
MIN 10-17 SEA 10-19 KC 6-15

AL EAST Best Blyleven came very close to pitching the first no-hitter in the American League since, well, since Bert Blyleven did it for Texas against California on Sept. 22, 1977. Blyleven is with Cleveland now, but he spent the last three years in the National League with the Pirates. He's happy to be back, thank you. Last week he improved his record to 3-1 and lowered his ERA to 2.06 with a 3-1, two-hit victory at Toronto. Blyleven went into the ninth without having allowed a hit, and the Indians tried to do him a favor by replacing the sometimes clumsy Joe Charbonneau with defensive specialist Larry Littleton. Sure enough, Lloyd Moseby hit the first pitch of the inning into left center. Littleton, however, lost the ball in the lights, and it ticked off his glove. The scorer's decision to rule it a double rather than an error ticked off the Cleveland fans watching at home. When Jorge Bello followed with a run-scoring single, the point was made moot. The Indians were only 1-2 on the week, but it was enough to keep them in first place.

Breasting down Cleveland's neck was Baltimore (15-1), which was 9-3 for its home stand. The Orioles won with hitting, fielding, pitching and chaos. Terry Crowley beat the Twins 4-3 with a 10th inning pinch hit, and Doug DeCinces beat them the next night with his glove, making four outstanding plays at third to preserve Mike Flanagan's 3-2 win. Baltimore completed the sweep of Minnesota when Lenn Sakata and Mark Belanger were caught on rundowns. Belanger elbowed the ball out of Second Baseman Rub Wilfong's

glove, allowing Al Burnhry to score from third. If you're scoring, the play went 5-2-6-3-4-9-4.

The Red Sox (15-11) shook off their doldrums. Dought Evans was very hot, homering three times and driving in nine runs, and Manager Ralph Houk was very cold after somebody suiped his warmup jacket. Dennis Eckersley beat the Royals 3-1 on a four-hitter, and Jim Rice hit his 200th career homer in a 10-3 win over the Blue Jays.

There was bad news and bad news in Milwaukee (15-4). The ankle injury to Centerfielder Paul Molitor, originally thought to be a sprain that would keep him out four weeks, turned out to be torn ligaments, which will sideline him for eight weeks or more. Then, after Robin Yount broke out of his slump with three homers in two victories over Seattle, he hurt his knee in Wednesday's game, a 12-1 defeat that snapped Mike Parnon's 18-game

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CHARLIE LEA: The 24-year-old rightie got the first no-hitter of the season and the third in Expo history, beating the Giants 4-0. In only his third start of the year, he didn't allow even a line drive while walking four

losing streak. Two years ago the Brewers were also the losing team when Oakland's Matt Keough broke his 18-game losing streak. The only consolations for Milwaukee were Pete Vuckovich's first two wins as a Brewer and Goertzen Thomas' three home runs, giving him eight for the season.

The performance wouldn't have been so amazing had it come from the Yankees' (13-4) most famous right-handed reliever, Rich Goossage. But the fellow striking out eight Angels in a row to tie the American League record of Nolan Ryan was Ron Davis. Davis now throws a rising fastball instead of a sinker, but even he was taken aback by his achievement. "I just don't sinkle people out," he said. It was all for a good cause, though, as Davis saved Goetz Nelson's first major league start, a 4-2 win. Five days later Davis blew a chance to save Nelson's second victory when Seattle's Tom Paxton homered in the ninth. The next night, Aurelio Rodriguez homered in his first two at bats of the season to lead the Yankees to a 5-2 win over the Mariners.

The Blue Jays (11-4) weren't hitting, but that's to be expected. Their bats did come alive to give Dave Stach a 6-2 win over Cleveland. Outfielder Rick Bosetti, relegated to the bench this season, made the most of a rare start by getting three hits and driving in two runs. In Detroit, they call what the Tigers (2-4) play "sparkball." Sparkball is in south place, five games back.

CLEV 13-7 BAL 14-10 NY 16-12 MIL 14-12
BOS 12-13 DET 12-16 TOR 9-18

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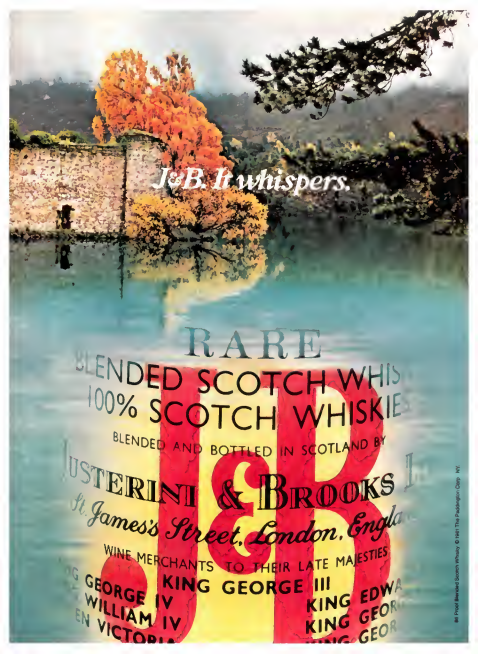
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Minnesota's Smith, who finished the season with 93 points, had this goal plus three assists in Game 4

It's February in Los Angeles, and the Forum is packed with 16,000 fans eagerly anticipating the 1981 NHL All-Star Game. Don Beaupre, the Minnesota North Stars' 19-year-old goaltender, is downstairs in the Prince of Wales Conference locker room, ready to dress. It occurs to him that he might never have a moment like this again. He buttons up his shirt. And then what does he do? He goes around both locker rooms collecting autographs.

It's April in Buffalo and on the ice at the Memorial Auditorium the North Stars, who have just eliminated the Sabres in the Stanley Cup quarterfinals, are exchanging the traditional handshakes with their victims. Kevin Maxwell, Minnesota's 20-year-old center, inches up to Buffalo's Gil Perreault. "Gil," he says quietly, "may I have one of your sticks?"

"My kids are still basking in the thrill of playing NHL hockey," says North Star General Manager Lou Nanne, at 39 a kid himself by front-office standards. Nanne retired as a North Star player on Feb. 10, 1978 and became the team's G M and coach the same day. What he has concocted is a quick, deep and hungry team that is the youngest (average age: 22.6) and least experienced (1.2 NHL seasons) in the league. "We can skate

with anybody," says Nanne. "But we're just starting to realize that those other NHL players aren't heroes but peers."

Nanne's boys no longer seem to be star-struck. Last Saturday night Minnesota advanced to the Stanley Cup finals for the first time in its 14-year history with a 5-2 win over Calgary in Game 6 of their semifinal series. The North Stars took full advantage of the Flames' bump-and-grind style by first outskating them and then by outshooting and outthawing them. Ultimately what Minnesota did was utilize enough different combinations, strategies and tireless young legs to overwhelm the Flames. Minnesota's performance also overwhelmed the experts, who figured the club to go nowhere in postseason play. When Nanne took over three seasons ago, the North Stars were en route to the worst record in the NHL (18-53-9). The next year Nanne brought in Glen Sonmor as coach, and they were 28-40-12. Last season they finished 36-28-16 and upset Montreal in the playoffs before going under against Philadelphia in the semis. So big things were expected this season. And, indeed, in January Minnesota was 21-9-8 and third in the standings. But in February and March disaster struck. First, inex-

Nanne's boys suddenly grew up

Hero worshiping and the Flames took a beating as Minnesota reached the finals

MacAdam, Bobby Smith and Steve Payne stopped putting the puck into the net. Then came injuries. All told, they cost Minnesota 322 man-games, the most by far in the NHL. Every North Star missed at least one game, and Minnesota finished the regular season three games under .500 and in ninth place.

But Minnesota's injuries were a blessing in disguise. Up from the minors came Maxwell and Dino Ciccarelli, a pesty right wing. From junior hockey came Brad Palmer, a left wing, and Ken Solheim, who has the hardest shot in the entire Minnesota organization. From the University of Minnesota came Neal Broten, a 1980 U.S. Olympian and winner of this year's Hobey Baker award as the nation's outstanding collegiate player. Counting Steve Christoff, 23, and Goaltender Beaupre, who were already on the roster, by March Minnesota was playing seven rookies. About then, too, Sonmor shifted Smith to a new line and matched MacAdam and Payne with veteran Center Tim Young. All at once both lines exploded. Smith finished with a team-high 93 points, and the rookies started to mesh.

The timing was perfect, for awaiting the North Stars in the opening round of the playoffs were the Bruins, whom they had never beaten in Boston Garden. Minnesota defeated the Bruins three straight. The North Stars then stunned fourth-

continued

seeded Buffalo in five games. Still, Minnesota didn't appear to have much of a chance against Calgary, a club that seemed to be going places. In 22-year-old Pat Riggins, the Flames had an acrobatic goalie who was on a roll. They also had Kent Nilsson, the NHL's third-leading scorer this season with 49 goals and 82 assists. Most important, perhaps, since moving from Atlanta last May, the Flames had learned how to win. In each of their seven seasons in Atlanta they pulled an el foido in the playoffs. But this year, after amassing the NHL's sixth-best record (39-17-14), they swept Chicago and upset Philadelphia in seven games. "The difference is character," says General Manager Cliff Fletcher. "This year we finally developed it. No team can embarrass us."

Minnesota didn't get the word. The North Stars withstood Calgary's efforts to outmuscle them, just as Nanne knew they would. After scouting a game in the Calgary-Philadelphia series, he said, "They're big but not too physical. And there's no way they can skate with us."

Minnesota deprived Calgary of the home-ice advantage by winning the opener 4-1. The turning point came when the North Stars scored two goals 24 seconds apart while Calgary had a power play. Though the Flames won Game 2, 3-2, on a third-period blast by rookie Kevin Leavelle, a few patterns already had been set.

First, the North Stars were shifting so quickly from defense to offense that the Flames frequently found themselves on the opposite side of the ice from the puck. They would be in Minnesota's end while the puck was in Calgary's. As a result, poor Riggins faced an onslaught of 2-on-1 and 3-on-2 breakaways. Second, Minnesota's power play and penalty-killing units were thriving against the Flames' special teams. The North Stars scored five goals on their first 13 power plays. Meanwhile, in 11 man-advantage situations, Calgary gave up two goals and scored none. Most onerous of all, Minnesota's centers—usually Maxwell or Broten—were popping Nilsson at the blue line, leaving him no room to zoom. To be fair, Nilsson had a badly bruised left thigh. And he would miss Game 4 with a strained tendon in his right shoulder. His final series stats: no goals, no assists and just two shots on goal.

In Game 3 in Minnesota, the Flames put together their best attack of the series. They led 3-2 midway through the second period, but then Riggins revealed he was human after all. He gave up two soft goals, and Minnesota won again, 6-4. Naturally, a rookie, this time Christoff, drilled home the game-winner.

By Game 4 the Flames were running scared, so Coach Al MacNeil elected not to run at all. Instead, he ordered up some heavy hitting. He also replaced Riggins in goal with veteran Rejean Lemelin.

Neither play was particularly effective. Hitting away, the Flames were whistled for eight penalties, and Minnesota's power play connected on its first two tries to give the North Stars a 2-1 advantage. Ciccarelli had a hat trick, which upped his playoff total to 10 goals, an NHL record for rookies. His third goal gave the North Stars a 5-2 lead. From there they cruised to a 7-4 win.

Before the start of Game 5, Calgary owner Nelson Skalbania visited his team's dressing room. He wrote on a blackboard that each Flame had earned two plane tickets to Hawaii. Taped on a wall was a telegram from Boston Celtics Coach Bill Fitch. It read: "TRADITION COMES FROM THE HEART AND A WILLINGNESS TO WORK HARD. THE CELTICS ARE SUCH A TEAM, AND WE REBORN FROM A 3-1 DEFICIT AGAINST PHILADELPHIA. IN THE FLAMES I SEE THE SAME TYPE OF CHARACTER. I SEE NO REASON WHY YOU CAN'T DO THE SAME." This inspired, Riggins turned away 33 of 34 shots and Calgary stayed alive with a 3-1 home-ice victory.

"This was our best effort," MacNeil said. "We chased them. We checked them. We've never considered them a dominant hockey club. As long as we hit them early, we're not going home."

For omen fans, the first hit Saturday night in Minnesota came while the teams were warming up. Maxwell greeted Riggins as he came onto the ice by flipping a puck at his face. Maxwell's little psych job nearly led to a brawl. "I thought it might get him off his game," Maxwell said later. "I didn't really shoot it at him." He paused. "Well, I guess I did. I figured he'd want to see some rubber."

Midway through the first period Calgary's Bobby Gould got an interference penalty. Seventeen seconds later MacAdam scored to put Minnesota up 1-0. Calgary tied the game on a deflection by Russell, but then Ciccarelli slid a rebound between Riggins' legs. The score was still 2-1 when the third period began, but at 5:05 the Flames were penalized again, their sixth infraction of the game. Just 54 seconds later Smith fed Payne, who scored from deep in the slot. "That one broke our backs," said Riggins.

MacNeil blamed "fate." He was wrong, though, because Calgary did hit early but was still going home. For their part, the young North Stars were off to face the Islanders in the championship series—without stars in their eyes.



Inspired by a promised trip to Hawaii and an NBA coach, Calgary stayed alive temporarily in Game 5

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In the infield at Golden Gate Fields in Albany, Calif., a white picket fence and drifts of pansies partly enclose a small plot of ill-tended grass to the left of the tote board. There lies Silky Sullivan, the most spectacular horse in the history of West Coast racing. Silky was buried at Golden Gate in November 1977, two months short of his 23rd birthday. He had been a remarkable come-from-behind runner: one with flair, beauty and style, though he was often beset by severe breathing problems. Silky was so popular that even though he lost 15 of his 27 races, that didn't seem to bother his fans. To them, 1958 was memorable because their horse came from 28 lengths back to win the Santa Anita Derby by 3½ lengths; they tend to forget Silky's dismal 12th-place finish behind Tim Tam in the Kentucky Derby a few weeks later. While most of the horses that beat him are long forgotten, across the track from Silky's shrine is a bronze plaque bearing a seven-verse poem, which begins, "Out of the gate like a bullet of red! Dropping behind as the rest speed ahead! Loping along as the clubhouse fans cheer! Leisurely stalking the field in first gear."

While he attained celebrity at Santa Anita and at Hollywood Park in Southern California, Silky was an especial favorite in the northern part of the state. He won his first stake at Golden Gate, he drew a week-day attendance record of 18,532, which still stands at that track, and after he was retired from racing, he was paraded there every St. Patrick's Day with green ribbons in his mane and tail.

Ever since Silky's final race in 1959, fans on the Coast, particularly those in northern California, have been hoping for another horse with Silky's

pendant for the dramatic. Now one has, a 4-year-old filly. Quite obviously, life can still imitate Grade B movies, because the filly is Silky's granddaughter, Silky's Nurse.

From December through March 21, Silky's Nurse ran in five stakes at Bay Meadows and Golden Gate. Just like her grandpa, she seems to stop on the backstretch for a drink and a smoke before getting interested in the dogs up ahead. But she swept those five stakes, at times barely getting up in the final jump, at other times pulling away in the closing yards

In that brief span she earned almost as much money (\$152,000) as Silky did in his entire career (\$157,700).

It would be nice to say that Silky's Nurse is a flashy chestnut like her grandfather. Nice, but wrong. To some observers, she looks more like a lizard than a horse. And as her trainer, Ike Orr, says, "Her head is as long as a dining-room table." But her ability to win from somewhere out in the next county has captivated racers in the Bay Area. Once her long, smooth strides begin to waste the ground beneath her, all track announcer John Gibson has to say is "And there she goes!" and the crowd roars.

"When she goes to the starting gate," says her regular rider, 22-year-old Russell Baze, currently the fourth-leading jockey in the nation in winners ridden, "she hangs her head so low that you think you're on a plow horse. By the time you get to the eighth pole you say to yourself, 'We ain't gonna make it this time.' Then she gets to really motoring and wins. The people really love her. When I go into the winner's circle with her, everybody screams, 'Silky! Silky!' It's just as if she's their pet."

Silky's Nurse has now reached that stage where people rarely use her full name, one of the highest forms of flattery on the backstretch. She's called Silky. The Nurse, Sweet Momma or El Siupendo, the latter despite her gender. Ask racetruckers in northern California what they think about her and they inevitably answer, "When she puts her head down and starts running it's all over."

Silky's Nurse was at the top of her dilaatory form on March 21 in the \$82,050 Golden Poppy Handicap at Golden Gate, a race in which she carried 120 pounds and conceded four to 11 pounds to her six oppo-

A turn for the Nurse

Silky Sullivan's dilaatory descendant now wowes Coast fans just as he once did



Although Silky's Nurse is no beauty, to owner Lutz the filly is "a gift from God."

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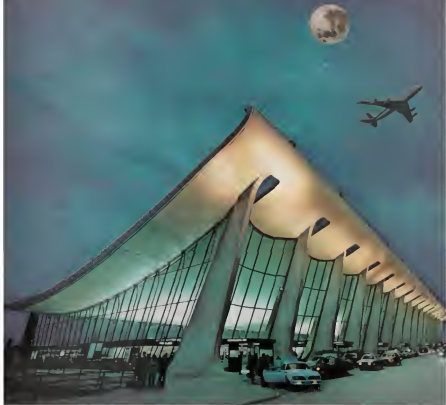
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nents. As usual, Silky came out of the gate virtually in line with the other starters and then began slowly receding. She eventually got herself just where she wanted to be—last place—and it seemed that young Baze would have to raise a white flag of surrender. But once Silky's Nurse had spotted the field some 14 lengths, she started to move along the track like a stone skipping over water. She won by two lengths.

Just a week earlier, Silky's Nurse ran on a fast track in the \$61,300 Daddy's Datsun Invitational. With 4½ furlongs remaining in the 1½-mile race, she was once again cabooseing the train, 13 lengths behind. The horse on the lead was Watch Wendy, generally regarded as the best in northern California for sheer speed. Silky's Nurse put her head down and very soon it was all over. She won by four lengths.

But, like her granddad, the filly can also lose in spectacular fashion. Two weeks ago at Golden Gate, running on grass in the \$61,700 Star Ball Invitational, she parked herself in last place in the 11-horse field—and stayed there all the way to the wire. Orr claimed to be undisturbed. "Her race didn't discourage me at all that much," he says. "She was carrying top weight of 127 pounds and hadn't raced in 40 days. Her next start will be in the \$125,000 Yerba Buena on Memorial Day and I expect her to run a heck of a lot better in that." Besides, if history repeats itself, El Stupendo's fans will be as forgetful of that poor showing as Silky Sullivan's admirers were of his.

Silky's Nurse is by Doc Humphrey from the Silky Sullivan mare, Silky Cover. Between them, Doc Humphrey and Silky Cover ran 147 times and won only 14. Breeding experts maintain that The Nurse's style must come from Silky Sullivan, himself a poorly bred horse who sired only four minor stakes winners. Although Silky was famous, his stud fee never exceeded \$500.

Recently, Orr went to a horse auction in Los Angeles, and while there was offered \$500,000 for Silky's Nurse. "It was one heck of a price," he says, "but the lady said 'No.'"

"The lady" is Janet Lutz, now the sole owner of Silky's Nurse after buying out her former partners for some \$35,000. "I won't sell this horse," says Lutz, the president of Lutz Realty in Sonoma, Calif. "In some ways I consider Silky's Nurse



Here at Golden Gate lost Silky Sullivan, last for much of many a race, but forever first to her fans.

a gift from God and such things cannot be bought or sold." At present Silky's Nurse is the only horse, heaven-sent or otherwise, in Lutz's stable.

Lutz, who has been in racing for five years, bought Silky's Nurse after the last horse she had running was claimed. "I worked up the courage to ask like Orr to train a horse for me," she says. "He had Silky's Nurse, but tried to sell her to just about every one of his clients but me. Finally, I got Silky's Nurse in partnership with the Yolanda Stable. Then I bought Yolanda out. I don't want to send Silky's Nurse down to Southern California to run on those cement tracks. She's a northern California horse."

Orr is 50, a bit under 6 feet, and wears a comfortable cummerbund of fat beneath his flowered open-necked sports shirts. He hails from Oregon and worked as a logger, bartender and van driver before getting his start in racing by training quarter horses at a bush-league track in Grants Pass, Ore.

"Yes, I saw Silky Sullivan run," says Orr. "Didn't believe much of what I saw or heard. But it was true. The only way that Silky's Nurse runs like she does has to be traced back to him."

Jockey Baze is one of the "Blazing Bazes" of the Pacific Northwest, a remarkable family that has produced seven jockeys and five trainers. They are most closely associated with the Longacres and Yakima tracks in Washington and Port-

land Meadows in Oregon. "My entire family has been around horses virtually all their lives," Russell says. "My grandfather Bert trained horses at the fairs in Idaho and my grandmother Bunt rode for him. My brother Dale is the leading rider at Portland Meadows. Even the girls in the family went on the racetrack for a spell. But my brother Cory didn't. I guess it just wasn't exciting enough for him. He drives in the demolition derby. At Thanksgiving we all try to get together for a family reunion at the Grange Hall in Outlook near Yakima. There are about 100 guests and 100 Bazes. We talk a lot about horses."

Topic A is likely to be Silky's Nurse for some reunions to come, and it would be nice if she could do some winning on grass before being turned out on it. The four big stakes races left for fillies three years old and up at Golden Gate in the current meeting are all on the weeds. Her record on the turf shows no wins in five starts. But Orr still thinks she can handle it. And he prefers not to race her against males in the summertime, probably a sound decision.

As famous as he was, Silky Sullivan never won more than two races in a row and had but two stakes victories to his credit. His strange-looking granddaughter has had one streak of five straight wins and has won seven stakes. It makes one wonder if anybody really knows anything about bloodlines.

END



PLEASE, DON'T FALL IN THE WATER!

The rivers of Amazonia seem benign enough, but that's just a surface impression. Strange, fangy and literally shocking critters lurk below. The jungly banks are no picnic ground, either. None of which deterred Kay Brodney, a decidedly unbookish librarian, from having the fly-fishing time of her life

BY CLIVE GAMMON



CONTINUED

When the tall lady in the sun hat came wading ashore from the dugout canoe, in the battering heat, deep in the Amazonian rain forest, it was an ideal moment for a memorable greeting. H.M. Stanley style. In the event, though, my words came lamely: "Oh, uh, there you are, Kay!"

Her response was altogether more rel-

rays will scuttle out of your way.

However, when both of us were on dry land, shaking hands, Brodney was careful to avoid drama. "People think that I'm a mad, brave old woman to come out fishing in a place like this, living like an Amerindian," she said. "But, hell, I've been robbed twice on the streets of D.C., and each time it was more frightening than anything I've met in a rain forest."

The baking sandbar on which she now stood was about 3,500 miles from D.C. as the vulture flies. It was one of the bleached, dry-season bones of the Rio Branco, which flows south out of the

way upstream on the Branco. From there they planned to truck down to the village of Caracral, below the last rapids on the Branco, pick up boats and meet us at the tiny settlement of Santa Maria, halfway to Manaus and 40 miles south of the Equator.

"We'll have done all the scouting by then," Brodney had written me. "We'll have the fishing pinned down. [In the dry season in Amazonia, the fish tend to mass in tributaries and lake systems.] We can fish the Itaperi, a veritable brood-pond of large *tucumaré*, *arawana*, *trahira*, *pirapicu*. There may be some *arapaima*."

Those are the Indian names, half-rendered into Portuguese, of fish that only the head of the Life Sciences Subject Catalog Section was likely to be acquainted with. Fish, one was tempted to imagine, that were caught using alligator tails for lures. Or maybe live snakes.

But one would be wrong. Brodney had made it clear that she would be taking only fly-fishing gear into the jungle, and she would be making no compromises. Into the simmering Amazonian hothouse she would bring the ethical standards of the purist fly-fisher. And those crazy-sounding species, she promised, would be worthy of them.

Brodney has devoted most of her life to fishing. She started out on pike and bass near her hometown of Fond du Lac, Wis., and in her 20s hitchhiked to California. "A classic dropout," she calls herself. One day in 1948 she happened to be in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park while a casting tournament was taking place. "I saw those lines swishing about and it changed my whole life," she says. "Women weren't recognized for doing much distance casting then, just accuracy events. Once I took third place in the Western Championship down at Long Beach. I went to get my prize but I found I hadn't qualified because I wasn't a man."

By the time she was in her mid-30s, Brodney reckons, she had become a card-carrying fishing bum. She never had much money and she went through about 50 jobs, the steadiest one clerking at a railroad office. But she did manage to acquire a Volkswagen Camper. It took her all over northern California fishing for steelhead and shad.

That didn't satisfy her for long. She moved up to Eureka, Calif. and continued to try to make do with odd jobs,



Glen Damsberg holds toy dugout canoe as Brodney stands poised to do battle with another *arawana*.

"evant, sharper "Splash!" she called. "Kick your feet up!"

I stopped as I waded out from the sandbar to meet her. "Why?" I wanted to know.

"Stingrays," she said brusquely. And that was the first piece of jungle-river lore that Kay Brodney, 61, head of the Life Sciences Subject Catalog Section of the Library of Congress, had to impart. And she elaborated: that in the Amazon system, stingrays will lie in the shallowest, warmest water; that if you step on one you can expect 12 hours of pain so intense that victims have broken their own limbs in their agonized thrashing; but that if you splash as you wade, the

highlands of Guyana into Brazil to join the Rio Negro, which, in turn, meets the Amazon at the city of Manaus. On the map that she had sent me months earlier, Brodney had circled Manaus in red ink. Alongside she had written laconically, "Beds. Ice." On our Rio Branco sandbar, those beds, that ice, were more than 300 tortuous river miles distant, a two-week journey, give or take a day or two, by a chugging old river launch.

It was from Manaus that photographer Mick Brennan and I had set out to rendezvous with Brodney and her companions in the Amazonian wilderness. They had set out 10 days earlier, from the northern Brazilian town of Boa Vista,

mostly as a waitress. But the work was seasonal. Sometimes Brodney couldn't raise gas money. So she moved to Seattle, on the grounds that it was 800 miles nearer to the Kispox River in British Columbia. And it finally came upon her that she had better qualify herself for some occupation. She took a job as a clerk-typist at the State Fishery. At night she worked in the University of Washington Fishery and Oceanography library cataloguing reprints, the bottom end, she says, of the library business.

When the Washington Department of Fishery moved to Olympia in 1960, Brodney dropped her state job for one with the Feds. And she kept on with her cataloguing job. For five years she went to school and worked a 60-hour week in her two jobs. At the end of that time she had a B.A. in zoology and \$1,000 in hand. All of which she blew on a tarpon-fishing trip to Baja California that turned out to be a bust.

In the ensuing years, she saved enough from her dual employment to take an annual fishing trip: Nova Scotia for salmon, Florida for tarpon, but nothing truly off the beaten path, nothing that could be called exotic angling. Apart from those trips, Brodney's life was a little boring. Mostly she was "reading" fish scales. "After a while I could see that it was going to be either fisheries work or the library," she says. "And the more I saw of those damn doctorate guys, the more it looked to me like books. Big-shot doctors reading scales all day, racial analysis of the red salmon. All that chemistry of the blood stuff! And then something happened that really turned me off. A field trip to the Kispox came up and they wouldn't let me go. This would be around 1963, before Women's Lib really started up. They sent some pip-squeak male instead, junior to me. That was the end of my scale reading."

"I checked and found that a master's program in library science at Rutgers was the fastest and cheapest way for me to get an advanced degree. It took a year. Then I got a job in the Library of Congress. I've been there 16 years, and I can blow five or six grand a year on fishing!"

On the Saturday night before Brennan and I were to leave for Brazil, Brodney got a call through to me in New York City from Boa Vista. There was a little delay in obtaining the boats, she said, but the governor of Roraima Territory,

in which we would be fishing, was taking a keen interest in the expedition. Meanwhile, by the time Brennan and I arrived in Manaus, officials would have made arrangements to fly us into the strip at Santa Maria by light aircraft. A message confirming the arrangements would await us at the Tropical Hotel.

It's 5 a.m. when you get to the Tropical after clearing Manaus customs following the weekly airline flight from Miami, and at that point your main interest lies in getting to bed, which seemed all the more reasonable when we found no message awaiting us. But it was sure

At lunchtime I still didn't know. "Better call the airport," Brennan said. "The air taxi company. They're probably waiting out there for us."

The interesting news from the airport, politely conveyed to us by the young man at the hotel desk who had made the call for us in Portuguese, was that no one had heard of us. Also, that the last aircraft to head to Santa Maria, three years previously, had disappeared into the jungle with all hands.

Brennan, an Irishman raised in London and transplanted to Manhattan, sat down on his suitcase and put his head in



The Canadian missionary de Merchant had to fly to far flung rocks rather than fly-fish with Brodney

to be there soon. The moaning would be time enough to study the governor's instructions, we felt.

I arose at the respectable (considering the circumstances) hour of 10:30 the next morning, and after breakfast sauntered over to the main desk. No message. No message? How strange. A message for a Mr. Brennan, then? No, sir. No need to worry, I told myself, suppressing a quail or two. The officials were being considerate. Knowing at what hour we had arrived, they were holding off until lunchtime. It occurred to me that I was doing all the donkey work, so I woke Brennan up. "We ready to leave?" he grunted sleepily. I told him that I didn't know

his hands. "I could call the priest," the desk clerk said.

Brennan looked at him alarmed. "It's not as bad as that," he said.

"I mean the priest with the airplane," said the clerk. "The one who goes to see the Indians." He looked at our tackle. "The priest who catches the tucunaré."

The Reverend Bennie de Merchant of the United Pentecostal Church of Brazil, a native of New Brunswick, Canada and 16 years a jungle missionary, might have been a little disturbed to be described as a priest, but he responded to our call. The trip up to Santa Maria would be a long one, he said in his mild-mannered way. With some embarrassment he

continued



The Amazon tributaries yield a variety of strange fish, such as (clockwise from upper left) the toothy traira that took a red-and-yellow streamer, the aptly named peacock bass known locally as "parón," the w croux and all too prevalent black piranha, and the peirado—a dappled silver fish with a pike-like body

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BRENNAN

told us how expensive it would be—about \$1,350—with the huge cost principally accounted for by the \$3.20 a gallon that aviation fuel goes for in Brazil. But we realized, did we not, that the money would be helping a good cause? It would go to the church.

That was understood, we said, but what of the sad reputation of the Santa Maria airstrip? Well, that was all right, the reverend said, because he had a Cessna floatplane. Could we be ready in half an hour? The trip would take maybe three hours and we'd have to get in before dark.

Almost certainly the reverend would have helped us anyway. But it turned out that the clerk had told him we were going fishing. And perhaps for the first time since he had arrived in Amazonia as a 23-year-old missionary, he had found somebody to talk to about fishing. Fly-fishing, that is. Diffidently, after he had sawed our rod tubes in the Cessna, he dug into his hip pocket and dragged out a glassine envelope that held a couple of salmon-size Mickey Finn streamers. "Tied these up myself," he said. "Best flies going for the big tucunaré. Take 'em with you."

It seemed a good moment to ask what a tucunaré was. "In Spanish, it's parón," de Merchant said. "You probably know it as peacock bass." I did, but by reputation only as one of the finest freshwater game fish of South and Central America.

"See my fly rod in the holder, back of the cabin?" the reverend said. "That's my spare tire, that's my survival kit. Reckon if I ever crash in the jungle—manage to mosh-mash into a tree trunk and just rip the wings off—I could grab that fly rod and maybe make it for a week or two."

Brennan said he didn't want to hear about that, but de Merchant was carried away by now. "What I do," he said, "as long as I'm not pressed for time, is stop en route to church—I plant churches out here, using that floatplane as a tool—and if I see one of those black holes in the jungle, I drop in and roll out a Mickey Finn or something else I've dreamed up on the vine. Best fish I ever got was 24 pounds, but I've had boss on that have towed the Cessna along. *Slowly* towed it along," he added with piously accuracy.

"Black holes?" Brennan asked. It did sound a little science-fictionous. "I'll show you," the reverend promised.

By then we had lifted out of Manaus.

continued

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Against all the odds it looked as if we were going to meet Brodney and her party. It would also add a little spice to the encounter when she discovered that the Reverend de Merchant had been laying out fly lines in Amazonia for 16 years now. Below us was the vast expanse of the Rio Negro, incredibly, a mere tributary of the Amazon. "Here's a black hole," de Merchant said.

He banked the Cessna away from the river. Below us in thick jungle, looking as black as ink, was a little lake. "Just part of the Negro in the rainy season," he said, "but when the water drops the fish stay in it because it's deep and cool. And nobody can get at 'em. Except me! Wish I had time to take you boys in there, but we have to make Santa Maria before sundown."

We had left behind the last of the riverside shacks long before we hit the confluence of the Branco and the Negro. Soon we were flying over a tributary of the Branco, the Jauaperi. "Bad river," the reverend said. "Nobody takes a boat

up there. That's where the Waimari Indians are. The ones who did the killings in '75. Want a bit." He went down to little more than treetop height and flew away from the river for 10 minutes. "Look over to the left," he said.

A patch of jungle had been cleared and in the center was a great Indian roundhouse. "Nobody home," de Merchant said. "Whole tribe away somewhere." It was hard, in the cooled cabin of the Cessna, to appreciate that down there were some of the last people in the world holding out against the tide of petro-civilization, who had killed when they saw their hunting grounds threatened by construction projects such as the Trans-Amazonia Highway, who themselves would probably not survive this decade.

Now, though, the Branco itself gleamed silver ahead of us. We had been a long time in the air. "Twenty minutes to go," the reverend said, and finally, there in the fading light, was a group of shacks. It was Santa Maria, and as we landed all of its couple of hundred residents came out and stood in ankle-deep mud on the shore to greet us. There was no sign, though, of the Brodney group. "We'll have to stay here tonight," said the reverend as he secured the Cessna. "if we can."

There had been one small miracle that day already, when de Merchant and his floatplane had materialized. Now there was another. A man emerged from the crowd speaking the slightly pedantic, modulated English of an Indian, an Asian Indian. A political refugee, we learned later, from upriver, from Guyana, which has a substantial Asian Indian population. "Wait here, please," he said, "and I will see what I can do." He was back in five minutes, triumphant. "I have three hammocks for you," he said.

It occurred to both Brennan and me that we were going to have to gamble. We could call the trip off, head back to Manaus next morning with the reverend, or we could take the chance and wait in the settlement for Brodney. If she didn't show, we were in for a long vacation in Santa Maria and a long boat trip back—when the rains came.

That thought kept sleep away after we'd slung our hammocks in a bare wooden hut on stilts at the river's edge, but the animal kingdom would have ensured a broken night, anyway. It was our first taste of the jungle, the insane chit-

ter of roosting parrots, the howler monkeys giving their celebrated imitation of a Cape Cod nor'easter, the frogs in divisional strength. Brennan claimed he heard a jaguar roar that night, but that was County Kilkenny imagination, I told him. With pelts fetching \$60 on the illegal market, there would be few wildcats this close to Santa Maria.

Dawn was decision time. Back with the reverend, or stay put? Unsolicited, de Merchant made us an offer. There would be no extra charge for a 20-minute scout further up the Branco—a little better than 30 miles. For the moment we could postpone making our choice.

Santa Maria turned out again to see us off and we headed upstream. For 10 minutes, slightly more, there was no sign of a craft on the river. And then, way ahead, barely in sight, was a whitish patch. A cliff? A rock? A boat? Not them, couldn't be either. Brennan and I told one another, not daring to look too closely as the Cessna came in low to check what we had glimpsed. And then, no mistake, there were Brodney and someone else setting off in a dugout from a big white river boat. The reverend put the Cessna down, gently running it ashore on the sandbar. "Oh, uh, there you are. Kay," I said. Or something like that.

Not only was Brodney there, but so were Pete Gorinsky, his mother, Nelly, skipper Lauro Bamberg, his son Glenn and a stout crew of Brazilians recruited in Boa Vista. But things hadn't gone well for them, either. Instead of the three big dugout canoes they wanted to hire, the officials at Boa Vista had insisted they take an old Manaus-built barque pescero, a cumbersome Amazon commercial fishing boat with most of the deck space taken up by an enormous fish box that normally held an seed-down catch and left little room for people. As auxiliary craft there were one big dugout, a tiny canoe and an old aluminum skiff with two outboards. The outfitters in Boa Vista seemed to be more concerned with cornflakes than boats. Americans, the governor's men were convinced, could not function without cornflakes, and they had vainly scoured Boa Vista for breakfast cereal. It had taken Brodney and the Gorinskys a long time to convince the solicitous bureaucrats that this wasn't necessary. What with the great cornflakes chase and other delays, Brodney and company had been three days late leav-

continued



Brodney: a sliver of turtle eggs and baby birds



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ing for the rendezvous at Santa Maria.

This meant that they had had to head straight down the Branco, with no time for scouting fish on the way. The lumbering old 45-footer had gone aground on most of the available sandbanks downstream of Caracaraí and had finally got firmly stuck at the dry mouth of Lago dos Boto a couple of hours' traveling time from Santa Maria. When we spotted them from the Cessna, they had just managed to get it afloat again.

But another difficulty arose. Brennan and I had planned to spend a couple of weeks with Kay's expedition. Now we found out that in three days the reverend was scheduled to leave Manaus for a month-long circuit of his outlying churches. As a fisherman, he responded to the disappointment on our faces. All right, he said, he'd postpone his trip and pick us up in seven days. It was the best he could do.

We said goodbye. De Merchant walked off across the sandbar as reluctantly as a kid being dragged away early from a birthday party. "I'd love to go fishing with you," he said, reeling in the line he'd been using to get in a few moments of angling as his passengers had talked with Brodneý. The Cessna took off, wagging its wings, and there was a sudden feeling of desolation, a realization of the utter remoteness of the place we now found ourselves in.

Nelly broke the spell. A brisk, tough old lady, whose father had been one of the pioneers in Guyana, which was then British Guiana, she's now virtually dispossessed in her native land. Until recently she had lived alone on what was left of the family ranch; her children were scattered—two living in Canada, one in London, one in St. Maarten, one still in Georgetown. Guyana and Pete, now of our party, in Costa Rica. "Time we made camp," she told us, in a sharp, pioneering sort of way.

So we headed downstream until we hit the mouth of the Tapera Grande, another tributary of the Branco. Nelly led a machete-brandishing party ashore to clear away a patch of jungle at the water's edge, an operation that moved slowly and circumspectly. First, with sticks, members of the party had to check the undergrowth and the holes in tree trunks for snakes. Then they backed out a clearing, leaving strategically placed saplings for slinging hammocks and mosquito

nets. Next came the burning of the undergrowth and the dead leaves, snakes, apparently, hate to cross ashy ground. The fire also killed the ticks. A timber fire had to be set to smolder dully, in spite of the oppressive heat, to keep away the *cabeças*, the tiny, vicious biting black flies that are universal along the river. It all took a long time.

"Why don't we just sleep on the boat?" Brennan wanted to know. The crewmen, he was gravely told, slept aboard the good ship *Ajzen's Lima*—they considered anybody who slept in the jungle *crazy*—and there was no room aboard for us.

By the time the camp was rigged, the sun was high, which meant it wouldn't be worth fishing until the last couple of hours of light. It was a good time to check the hammocks. Even in the jungle, vista time comes along. Only one thing seemed to have been missing. "How about lunch?" Brennan asked plaintively. "We eat just once a day," Pete told him kindly. "When we get back in from fishing."

Pete is a tall man, a geomorphologist, as well as a passionate fly-fisher. He had first met Brodneý on the Rupununi River in Guyana in 1972. They both wanted to catch an arapaima—reputed to be the world's largest freshwater fish—on fly. It reaches 600 pounds, but a 150-pounder would be a more likely catch. Pete, though not Brodneý, had finally caught one—a mere 60- or 70-pounder, but an arapaima nonetheless. And on a fly.

He told us this as we swung in our broad and comfortable Brazilian hammocks that afternoon. "Stop mentioning the goddam arapaima," snapped Brodneý from her corner.

"I don't know what an arapaima looks

like," I said, pressing the subject. "Like an arawana, only bigger and with a flatter head . . . and I never heard of it," Brodneý said bitterly.

"Let's talk about *arawana*. This is an arawana trip."

"Now," said Pete, "there's a fish, one you have to stalk. Beautiful, greyhound-like fish, hits a fly hard. We'll get *tukunara*, too . . ."

I told Pete that the nomenclature was becoming confusing. "*Tucunare*," he said, ignoring my confusion. "*Pavón*, peacock haws. We have two kinds. One with broad black stripes we call *wacu*. Another one with dapples on its side, like a lawn. We call 'em deer lakes."

That first night, our first fishing night, we took the big dugout a few miles up the Tapera Grande. The signs were bad. No moving fish along the margins. Random casts stirred nothing. Though we'd given the Tapera Grande little enough time, it seemed that the plan was that we should head up the smaller Tapera Pequena the next day.

In the jungle the first rule is to preserve the civilized amenities. One bathes in the river by flashlight, because only at night do the flies cease their parades. In daylight it was disastrous not

continued

Brodneý's fishing expedition traveled through 500 miles of deepest Amazon, where the Brazilian inhabitants could be as dangerous as the animal life.



to wear long-sleeved shirts with slacks tucked into socks. "What about the sting-rays?" Brennan asked.

"Which of the three venomous kinds do you mean?" Pete asked politely. "Don't worry. They'll not be in the running water where we'll swim."

Later, cleansed and unstung, we gathered on board the *Alzira Lima*. Glenn Bamberg had a great cooking pot full of a brown, meaty stew waiting for us "Turtle," Brodney said, looking at Brennan and me expectantly. She was disappointed if she expected us to shudder and turn away. Starved since morning, we fell on it like jungle veterans.

When supper was over, we cringed a little at the hideous anthology of river dangers in which we were instructed. The snakes: fer-de-lance, bushmasters, coral. All venomous. Then the crushing snakes, anacondas, water boas. Next the crocodiles, more properly caimans.

"Thought they'd all been converted into handbags," Brennan said. By way of removing that thought from Brennan's brain, Pete swung his flashlight along the bank. Two, three, four pairs of eyes gleamed red in the beam. "Always remember," said Pete, "alligators reflect red, snakes white."

"Except the females," Nelly said. "Don't fall in the water," Brodney said. "We also have electric eels, all sorts of funky fish."

"And we have vampire fish," said Pete, gleaming wickedly at Brennan.

"You're putting us on," I told him.

"No," he said. "I've seen big peacock bass and cutfish come floating dead down the river. Perfect, except they have no blood. The *baira* have been at them. The vampire fish. Oh, yes, and watch the porpoises. They don't kill you, they just bump you about. Then the piranhas get you." All that day we'd watched porpoises rolling, huge ones, more than a thousand miles from the sea. I'd always regarded them as friendly creatures.

"But they can't get you in camp," Brennan said.

"No," Pete said. "All you have to worry about in camp are the wild pigs, the snakes, the bad spiders, the ticks, the vampire bats. The jaguars won't hurt you. Probably."

"I may sit up a little tonight," Brennan said. "Where did we put the duty-free Scotch?"

"No, seriously," Pete said. "You just

have to be watchful. You'll have a net. You'll be high off the ground. You'll have a flashlight in your hammock and a machete within reach. We aren't putting you on. Not that much. Amazonia defends itself fiercely."

Indeed, that night in what inevitably came to be called Fort Brennan, we slept soundly enough, and at first light we were piling tackle into the canoes and pushing up into the *Tapera Pequeno*.

Within half an hour we could see ahead of us something that fishermen pray for, clouds of screaming, wheeling terns plunging into shoals of baitfish. And as we got closer, we spotted the swirls of feeding predatory fish, great slashings of the water, and all of us were trembling with anticipation that the dreams which had brought us thousands of miles into Amazonia would be fulfilled.

We slid the canoes ashore. Fish were feeding everywhere. As soon as a fly or a lure hit the water, it was taken. "Tucucará!" Pete was shouting. "Peacock bass everywhere!"

The frenzy lasted an hour. At the end of it, one or two of the biggest bass might have gone 15 pounds. There were other fish, too. *Houris*, silver pike-like fish with heavy scales and Halloween pumpkinfangs. Fish that some of the crewmen had never seen before.

hen, consistent with its infinite variety, Amazonia gave us another kind of fishing. As we paddled upstream on the Branco, gray shadows passed under our boat. More big bass. But this time there was no frenzy. The fish had to be stalked. We beached our boat and waded in with caution, fearing the stingrays. When the peacocks hit they bolted across the shallows. "Like bonfish!" I yelled at Brodney. "And they jump as well!" she yelled back.

And then, before noon, the action was over; the sun was beating down. In attempting to reduce the heat, you dip your hat in the river, fill it and then pour the water over your head. When that proves insufficient you get out of the canoe, kick the rays away and lie down in the shallows, with just your nose out of water. In the canoe again, your clothes take five minutes to dry.

We spent three days at Fort Brennan, in a self-indulgent orgy of catching the *Tapera Pequeno*'s fish, of experiencing the splendors and miseries of the jungle.

Among the splendors were the birds: hyacinth macaws, toucans, great tiger herons, butternuts painted like totem poles. And there was the wildness of the peacock bass.

The chief misery: the cabouri flies endlessly attacking. The sub-chief misery, the cuisine. The second night, the caudron came up from below with the glassy and reproachful eyes of the bass we'd caught staring out from the oily broth. Amerindians, Brodney said firmly, consider the heads a delicacy. I released all my bass after that.

The nights were time for talk. Once, after we'd eaten what passed for the day's meal, I asked Brodney whether there weren't well-organized fish camps in Amazonia, with ice, beds, air conditioning, good food to come back to after the day's sport.

She made it very clear how much she despised conventional fishing camps. "All that macho stuff," she said. "All that top rod nonsense. All that fishing for the guides. What a pampered aristocracy they are! I like to poop around in my own time, just trying things. All those guys who have to catch the biggest fish and then try to make the woman in camp! I like peace to fish, goddammit. People asking all the time if you're enjoying yourself. I just happen to have a sullen, glum expression. Doesn't mean I'm not enjoying myself. What I love down here is the freedom from all that."

We might have stayed even longer on the *Tapera Pequeno*, but Brodney's questing spirit wouldn't allow it. She'd had enough peacock bass, she said. She wanted *arawana*.

On the trip downstream Brodney and the Gorinskys had spotted what they thought was surefire *arawana* water, but now it was a long way upriver. The Lago do Amama it's called, a lake system cut off in the dry season from the Branco, so that we would have to carry the canoes in. The area had a guardian, an old man known only as Tertuliani, who—though by lawyers' reckoning he owned none of Lago do Amama—protected it fiercely from his house at its mouth, his guardianship being all the more effective for the reputation he had along the river as a *condomble* priest, *condomble* being a local variation of voodoo.

But it wasn't voodoo that diverted us from Lago do Amama. Lauro Bamberg thought we might have trouble getting

continued

A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

Michelin fell a little short of the Uniroyal Steeler. About 24,000 miles short.

For many people, Michelin has always been the yardstick to compare other tires by.

But recently, the U.S. Department of Transportation gave the public a standardized system. Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas. Traction. Temperature resistance. And treadwear.

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When compared, Michelin's XWW fared somewhat better than Uniroyal's comparable Steeler in the traction and temperature resistance tests.

But when it came to the important grade that indicates the relative wear rate of your tire, Michelin's tire fell a little short. In fact, when you translate their ratings into projected miles on the government-specified test course, you see it was no photo finish.

On that course, the mileage projection for Uniroyal's Steeler is 66,000 miles. 24,000 miles longer than Michelin's rating projects.

(And, by the way, 15,000 miles longer than the projections from the ratings of the Goodyear, Goodrich, General and most Firestone tires in the chart.)

These mileage projections (including those in the chart) should be used for comparison only. You will probably not achieve these results. Actual treadlife will vary substantially due to your driving habits, condition of vehicle and, in many sections of the country, road conditions and climate.

See your Uniroyal dealer for details.

You'll see there may be a new yardstick to compare tires by.

Uniroyal.

MANUFACTURERS' RATINGS FOR U.S. GOVERNMENT QUALITY GRADING SYSTEM			PROJECTION IN MILES ON GOVERNMENT-SPECIFIED TEST COURSE
Manufacturer/Tire:	Traction and Temperature Resistance	Treadwear	
UNIROYAL Steeler	B/C	220	66,000
GOODYEAR Custom Polysteel	B/C	170	51,000
FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
B.F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	B/C	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

*Most 15" tires rated 200 with a projection of 60,000 miles.

Source: U.S. DOT 12/14/80

For a free booklet on grade-labeling, please send your name and address to Uniroyal, Inc., Tire Advertising Department, Middlebury, Connecticut 06749.

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UNIROYAL

up there in the low water conditions. Temporarily, the chart showed another bag lake system that was much nearer: the Lago do Mechede. After much heart searching, we decided to head there.

It was half a day's trip, and in the hottest part of the day we labored to set up what we called, before we abandoned it, Camp Despair. There were more stangrays in the water there than in any place we'd been, a lot of alligators, plenty of water snakes. But no fish. Or no fish of any consequence.

That night we made a hard decision. We had made a four-hour diversion from the main river to head up to Mechede. We would have to add that to the eight hours needed to reach Amaua from Fort Brennan and the time it would take to set up camp again. But it had to be done if we wanted arawana. Pete broke the news to the crew that a 5:30 a.m. start lay ahead.

Traveling upriver on a *barque pescero* in the dry season is no fun. You proceed in long zigzags, made necessary by the sandbars. Every couple of hours you inevitably run up on a bar, whereupon everybody gets out and hauls. Very occasionally there is a diversion. Once we came upon a trading boat that had been stuck fast for a week on its way to Manaus. It had cold beer in its refrigerator, and a good supply of bully beef and onions. The lunch that followed was the most luxurious meal we had on the river.

Once the Turtle Patrol, the government boat that protects the giant turtle of the Amazon region, caught up with us, Brennan and I had eaten turtle stew and turtle eggs before we had realized the illegality of doing so. A day or so before, Brodney had threatened, only half jokingly, to make a citizen's arrest if a particularly avid eater among the crew went collecting again. Good that she did, we had a clean boat when the law came alongside.

It was dark when we reached Amaua. By the light of a hurricane lamp we set up camp on a sandbar, rigging stakes to sling our hammocks in a kind of defensive square. Beyond the bar was Tertuliani's house. Pete went off to seek him out, to assure him we would only fish for sport, that his precious lake wouldn't be despoiled. He returned with good news. Tertuliani approved of our project. What's more, he would come with us next day and show us the best arawana

spots. Better still, Tertuliani revealed that in the upper lake there were giant arapaima. They were a long way, maybe a day's travel away, though.

That night was the loudest and wildest we had tried to sleep through. The parrots and the monkeys were manic. At 2 a.m. the first rain of the trip hit us, mercifully lasting only a few minutes but enough to have everyone out of the hammocks. "Did you hear a coughing roar out there?" Brennan said to me nervously at one point. I told him to go to sleep.

But in the morning, leading across the sand to the water's edge were the freshly made great pug marks of a jaguar. "All right," I said to Brennan, "you heard a coughing roar."

Tertuliani turned out to be a sundried, quizzical old gentleman who sat in his boat with his shotgun across his knee, should he be lucky enough to encounter peccary. He and Glenn Hamburg set off with us, in Tertuliani's boat, towing a small dugout behind the big one. We were running slow enough for trolling, and Nelly let out a plug. Big peacock bass started to hit right away, the striped kind, not the dappled. Eventually the channel had widened to a lagoon and close to the many fallen trees that were in the water we could see fish arrowing. "Arawanas!" Tertuliani announced with proprietary pride.

Sometimes other species would beat the arawanas to our flies. Tertuliani's lake was full of many kinds of fish. But enough arawanas hit to justify all the praise that Brodney had given them. Pale gold ribbons of fish, five- or six-pounders that leapt high. It was all too soon before the sport, as it had done on the Tapera Pequeno, died with the climbing sun.

For Brennan and me, it was the last day. The reverend would be coming in for us next morning. The others, more than likely, would head for the upper lake. Tertuliani had revealed on the chance, just the small chance, of finding an arapaima. The pair of us were bitten head to foot by caboun flies, but at least we hadn't been eaten by anything else. Head upstream on the main river until you find us, we had told the reverend. That night, before we turned in, we laid out a bright red tarp on the sand. The boat, pulled into the bushes, wouldn't be all that conspicuous from the air. "I wonder if he'll come," said Brennan.

I asked, "If you couldn't trust a missionary, whom could you trust?" And indeed, in the morning, de Merchant was only a little late. He'd had to land, he said, alongside four boats before he found ours. Soon we were wagging our wings in salutation to Brodney and the others and heading back along the Branco. An hour later, the reverend said he was low on gas but that he could get some on the next river. He brought the Cesna down close to a single, big, new-looking house. "Stay in the plane and don't take any pictures," he said. "The Brazilians get a little sensitive about this area."

From the house, as soon as we were tied up, poured maybe 50 Indians—of the Western Hemisphere sort—all men, most in brilliantly colored, clearly new bathing trunks. They crowded onto the floes of the plane, and one of them, a smiling, handsome young man, began shoving bunches of green bananas through the open cabin window. We grimaced, gestured, smiled back. This type of dialogue went on for some minutes until the reverend returned with his fuel cans. "You'd better give them something in return," he said, "only remember, each one has to have exactly the same. Not money, though. It's useless to them. Do you have a spoon of monofilament?"

We did, and that was fine. They could divide it up. We took off pretty fast after that, and Brennan said, "Handsome people. Some of your flock?"

"You've just met the Waimiri," de Merchant said. "The ones who cut up the soldiers and the missionaries. I didn't know they'd be there. They come into that Indian station maybe once or twice a year to trade skins. That's where they got the pants. They were in a pretty good mood today."

The reverend's news about the Waimiri kept Brennan quiet until dinnertime back at the Tropical Hotel. He had been talking for most of a week about the steak he was going to devour when he got back into town. Now we were showered, shaved and ready for it.

In the restaurant, Brennan waved the menu away. "I know what I want," he said. "The biggest steak in the house."

The waiter gave him one of those pitying looks. "I am sorry, sir," he said. "Tonight is Thursday night. The cold buffet only."

"Hell," said Brennan. "Civilization," I said.

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how slashed a drive down the third-base line for a double, scoring both runners.

Then the proverbial dam broke. Littlefeather stepped up to the plate and settled into his stance on the left side. Big Dave fired his fast one high and inside. Littlefeather stepped back and flicked his wrist. His huge Jackie Robinson bat looked like a fence post as it swished through the air. At the crack of the bat I headed west. I ran into the woods, jumped a small creek and looked up. The ball was coming down through the trees not five feet from where I had anticipated it would, whacking through the limbs. I tried to grab it. It hit the end of my glove and fell to the ground. I retrieved it and fired it over the tops of the trees. I was proud that we held Small Larry to a measly triple.

After one inning the score was 8-0.

"O K, gang, let's get 'em back right now," said our manager unconvincingly.

"What happened?" I asked Big Dave, who looked stunned.

"That's what you call a complete lesson in hitting the baseball," he said.

"Don't worry," said Larry Rogers, the leftfielder, still out of breath, "they just had a run of luck. We'll get 'em back and a lot more."

And that's when I came to bat for the first time. Two big hooks and one side-armed fastball and I was back on the bench. Littlefeather also struck out our next two batters.

The second inning went much better. They got just five runs. We lost one ball far out in the woods, and another got soaked in the creek. I began to watch the hitters very closely to see if I could figure out what they were doing that worked so well. They were so small and thin that it didn't seem possible for them to be able to whip the bat around the way they did. Each hitter got into an exaggerated crouch and waved the bat while Big Dave went into his windup. As the ball came toward the plate, the hitter would still be waving the bat; then, at the last instant, it would flash around without noticeable effort, all wrist, and make solid contact. There were few ground balls, mostly line shots.

Big Dave was soon shaking his head in awe. He was a seasoned pitcher and had long dominated some of the best town-ball and college hitters around. But not this day. Once in the fourth inning Big Dave accidentally hit a batter. There was no time for him to move. We gapsed

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as the ball thudded into the kid's back. There was a sudden hush. The boy merely smiled and jogged to first.

It was also in the fourth inning, with South Greasy leading 13-0, that Littlefeather finally showed us everything he was capable of.

We'd finally gotten a hit and a walk. Lonnie Dolan, our super hitter, came to the plate. Lonnie, a lefty, was the only kid in our town to have signed a pro contract, and though he didn't make the big time, he had played in the minors for a while, before coming home with a bad arm. He was our hero.

With two runners on, we had high hopes for a rally to salvage our pride. Lonnie dug in. The runners took their leads, and the bench came to life.

"Ducks on the pond, Bug D, hum now."

"Come on, Dolan, ruffle his little feather," said one smart mouth. Lonnie cocked the bat back and hugh in the air.

That's when Littlefeather walked slowly over to the extra glove lying behind the mound and put it on his right hand. He stepped back on the rubber and in one swift motion fired a fastball—left-handed! It also said "SSSSSSSSiiiiittt-BOOM!" Dolan's bat was still high in the air and his mouth was hanging open as the ball split the plate.

Somebody on the bench mumbled, "That kid is amphibious!"

We jumped up to object.

"He can't do that!" I yelled.

"Amphibious ain't the half of it! He can throw with either hand!"

We screamed in protest, but the umpire didn't say a word. Littlefeather fired another one and Lonnie took a halfhearted cut. Stafford, a kid who made A's in school and had once read the rule book, said, "The word is ambidextrous, fellas, and I hate to tell you this, but it's not against the rules."

"It's gotta be. It ain't moral," I said.

We sat in stiff silence as Lonnie-Our-Only-Pro-Dolan went down on strikes and Littlefeather picked up his other glove for the next hitter.

The final score was 23-0.

There was very little chatter after the fourth inning. Small Larry had 15 strikeouts and one walk and gave up two scratch singles. After the game his team treated us to Pepsi.

Then we packed our gear and headed for home, and we each swore that we'd never tell a soul.

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GELTIC PRIDE

Sir

Ah, yes, John Papsnek's careful analysis of why the Soxers will beat the Celtics (*The Wearin' Down o' the Green*, May 4) was brilliant, except for one minor point: the pride of tradition. Look who's wearing the Eastern crown now! That Boston cabbie knew why Nobody counts out Red Auerbach's boys until the final buzzer.

MIKE ALERBACH
(no relation)
Waterford, Conn.

Sir

Contrary to John Papsnek's concluding sentence, Boston *did* want to go back to Philadelphus to show the Soxers exactly what the Celtics were made of—guts. They staged a remarkable comeback and left us fans boozing in *Beatdown* (*The Words of a Bird in Hand*, May 11).

DAVID SCOTT PHILLIPS
Newtown Highlands, Mass.

Sir

So much is written about "Celtic pride." The Celtics beat the 76ers because of "Sister choke," not Celtic pride.

JAACK BROWN
Doylestown, Pa.

FERNANDO

Sir

No wonder rookie Dodger Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela has caused such an outbreak of "Fernando Fever" with his red-hot start (*Epidemic of Fernando Fever*, May 4). Take another good look at the photographs accompanying Jim Kaplan's article. Notice the wide nose, the merry brown eyes and the Beer League profile. What else would you expect from a man who appears to be the double of Babe Ruth? Maybe the Dodgers should play Fernando in rightfield when he's not needed on the mound.

KATH MERRITT
Stretcher, Ill.

• For the latest word on Valenzuela, see page 22—ED

Sir

That rookie pitcher for the Dodgers is really something! How long does he have to be in the majors before he'll be eligible to sign with the Yankees?

BRIAN A. NOLL
Indianapolis

Sir

Jim Kaplan is to be commended for pointing out the stereotyping that Fernando Valenzuela has been receiving at the nation's press. However, SI would do well to look to

its own pages before waxing self-righteous. Only the week before, an *YOUR BASEBALL'S* *WEEK* section, Herm Weiskopf described Valenzuela as being "built like an overstuffed taco."

PAUL VON ZIEGEMAR
New York City

Sir

I feel it is very unfair of SI and the rest of the sports media to put so much pressure on 20-year-old Fernando Valenzuela. The season is only one month old, yet Valenzuela is being touted as the next Vida Blue, or more. Come on, now, let's give the guy some breathing room.

KEVIN BOYD MUEHLER
Virginia Beach, Va.

COLLEGE STARS

Sir

It was a pleasure for me to read Walter Bingham's article on University of Miami Pitcher Neal Heaton (*The Heat Is On with Heaton*, May 4). I went to school with Heaton from sixth through 12th grade, and he has always been the finest athlete on whatever field or court he played. I wrote about him for our high school paper, and I share Miami Assistant Coach Skip Bertman's feeling that Neal will be successful in the majors.

THOMAS BLUMS
Clinton, N.Y.

Sir

Talk about drawing power, on Sunday evening, April 25, Mississippi State played the first two games of a three-game series against Alabama at home, with a chance to take over first place in the Western Division of the Southeastern Conference. A total of 8,452 people saw Mississippi State win that doubleheader, and another 5,309 came out for the Sunday afternoon game, which Mississippi State won 13-5 to assume first place. Attendance figures of more than 5,000 have been recorded for other home games this season. Not bad for a university community of some 17,000 people and a school with an enrollment of 12,000.

MSU, which at this writing is tied for first at 39-12 but assured of a berth in the conference tournament, is led by a power-hitting duo, Bruce Cawthon of Floral Park, N.Y., and Mark Gillespie of Omaha. Bruce is batting .359 with 27 home runs and 91 RBIs (both SEC single-season records), while Mark leads the conference in hitting at .418 with 16 home runs and 64 RBIs. Maybe they can put the "heat on Heaton" in June at the NCAA World Series at Omaha.

LARRY W. JONES
Starkville, Miss.

DRAFT PICKS

Sir

Once again Paul Zimmerman, SI's prince of prognostication, gazed into his crystal ball to predict the outcome of the first round of the NFL's collegiate draft (*This Phone Will Ring on April 28*, April 27). This year I compared Dr. Z's psychic powers with those of Howard Balzer of *The Sporting News* and Charlie Nobles of the *Miami News*.

In matching the draftees with the NFL team that chose him, Zimmerman had seven correct forecasts, while Balzer had six and Nobles five. In picking the first 28 players to be selected, Nobles was the winner with 24 first-rounders, while Balzer and Zimmerman each had 22. They both missed Running Back Booker Moore of Penn State and Offensive Tackle Howie Richards of Missouri, prospects not overlooked by Nobles, or by the Buffalo Bills and the Dallas Cowboys, respectively. Now if someone could only predict which draftees will be future NFL stars.

NEED PERLMAN
Miami

Sir

I read Paul Zimmerman's predictions of the NFL draft with astonishment and disbelief. No Georgia Bulldog players were included. After the season they had last year, you can't tell me that quality players like Scott Woerner, Nat Hudson, Frank Ros and Rex Robinson, just to name a few, aren't excellent first-round material.

MICHAEL A. MCKIEL
Moxey, Ga.

• Four members of Georgia's No. 1-ranked team were picked, but none in the first round. Woerner was Atlanta's third-round choice, Hudson and Robinson were sixth-round selections, of New Orleans and Cincinnati, respectively, and Tim Morrison was taken in the 11th round by Dallas. Although passed over in the draft, Ros signed on as a free agent with Denver, as did teammates Jeff Hipp and Anthony Arnold. Pat McShu and Robert Miles, also free agents, signed with Dallas.—ED

KUSH'S METHODS

Sir

Regarding the editorial entitled "A Victory for Kush, Not for His Methods" (*ISCOA-CARDS*, May 4), who is SI to judge whose methods are right or wrong? As a student equipment manager for two different high schools, I had learned that a number of coaches feel that it doesn't hurt the student-athlete any more than it does the coach to slap a helmet, so when I went to Arizona State to help

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

as a student equipment manager for Frank Kush. I didn't understand the ruckus over a few head slaps. I know of incidents at another school of big athletes being thrown across the locker room during halftime talks. Working for Coach Kush was an honor, and if I have the chance, I'll work for him again.

RANDY KALFMAN
Phoenix

Sir:

I once had a football coach who wasn't pleased with my pass blocking. He grabbed my face mask, shook my head sideways and up and down, then lifted my head up by the mask and gave me a forearm to the chin. A few of my teammates later told me that they wanted to jump in, but the fact is I really needed it. It taught me that if you don't produce or do it right, there is always someone else to take your place. I didn't appreciate it then, but I do now, because I have a different outlook on many things. I'm glad to see Frank Kush cleared of the punching charges. As for Kevin Rudledge, he should have taken it in stride.

JIM ENICH
Washington, Pa.

Sir:

Thanks for the editorial. As you said, Frank Kush's methods were wrong. Coaches such as Kush, Woody Hayes and others like them are not a credit to college sports. Let's hope that our college and university presidents realize this and act accordingly.

WILLARD E. DEAN
Scarsdale, N.Y.

IOWAWAYETTES

Sir:

Robert V. Behr's piece on names accorded women's athletic teams (*SIDELINE*, May 4) was greatly appreciated. However, Behr should be made aware that here in Iowa, where women's high school teams have been competing for more than 50 years, the same problems were faced and conquered some time ago. Throughout the state, the prevailing method of identifying a women's team was the addition of the suffix "ettes" to the male label. Therefore, while growing up in the '50s and listening on radio to the girls' state basketball tournament, I was deluged with the accomplishments of such aggregations as the Bullettes, Warmorettes, Parohettes, Ramettes, Bulldogettes, Houndettes, etc. etc. My personal favorites came from the small northwest Iowa town of Evely. As perhaps befits a rural community, the boys' teams were known as the Cattledreders. The girls, who had several powerhouse teams that went to the state tournament in the early '60s, were, of course, the Cattledreeterettes.

TODD D. TRIFF
Burlington, Iowa

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